

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 6, No. 34 { The Sheppard Publishing Co., (Ltd.) Proprietors; Office—No. 9 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, JULY 15, 1893.

TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in Advance), \$2. } Whole No. 294

Around Town.

The publication in a couple of local papers of a scandal referring to Prince George, whose nuptials were recently celebrated in London, may have been a mistake, but it seems to me a portion of the well defined policy of inserting anything, no matter how improper, so long as it is sensational. I happened to be in old London when the Duke of Clarence was about to espouse Princess May of Teck. A Radical weekly which had a very large sale throughout England published a filthy story involving the Princess and her present husband, while at the same time putting the Duke of Clarence in a very unpleasant and second-rate position. A friend of mine in London who is a very great Radical and the publisher of many radical things, got hold of an early copy of the paper and tore it into shreds, refusing to let me see what had angered him. The Smiths, who distribute the greater part of the newspapers in England, sent back seventy thousand copies of the journal in question and declined to further exhibit them on their news-stands. It almost ruined the paper, and yet the story was not very much more improper than the one published by the *News* and the *World*. This simply shows the point to which we have been educated down. Even the Radical section of England stamped out the story which recent events have proved untrue. The publication of the first story to which I refer was an adventurous lie, and it was of such a character that it should have warned imitators to be careful. The Radical paper in question might by using the wires in half a day have found its falsity, and because they did not do so but dared to perpetrate a falsehood they deserved the ruin they met. I give this trifles of experience to show how the English public regard the publication of low-down canards. The Canadian public should resist the intrusion into their home life of all such stories. Any prolific liar can produce tales of a similar kind. When Prince George was in Montreal low liberals used him as a text, but unfortunately for them they were punished. Unfortunately for us, the purveyors of the same sort of literature while Prince George is out of the country escape.

The Twelfth of July and the three hundred and third anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne was grand enough to suit the most ardent Protestants. The numbers and the uniforms made the occasion memorable. Opinions may be opposed as to the wisdom of celebrating this event in a country so remote from the original disturbance, but perhaps we should be glad that any principle is so vigorously kept alive in a country where principle is habitually sacrificed to expediency. The bitterest thought connected with it is that of the too frequent sacrifice of Protestant principles to politics. However, we must not forget that others principles have been sacrificed, that others than Orangemen have been forgetful of the meaning of their vow. Not being an Orangeman I cannot say what the vow is, but I cannot but feel respect for the impulses which have made a body so numerous, so ardent, so influential. The great share that they have in public esteem must have its foundation in something that a large number of the people desire. The fact still remains that I would prefer to see these men, young and old, numbered as they are by the thousand, parading on behalf of the principles of to day, dominating as they should the questions which are to be settled when next we meet at the polls, rather than glorifying a battle which decided once and for all time a principle that we all insist shall no longer be held in dispute. Sometimes by adhering to old problems we forget, ignore and practically defeat present questions. Is not this true of Orangeman? The reason for the establishment of the order was found in the North of Ireland and the aggression of Roman Catholicism there. If we are to have anything of the sort let it be Canadian. We have fights of our own; we have Boyne waters to cross and walls of Derry to defend. By being too retrospective we forget what we have to do. Wearing a uniform or displaying a sash may be a very heroic thing, but it seems out of place when we forget to display the emblems of similar principles on voting day right here in Canada. I had something to say about men who have made their mark as professional Orangemen. Did not those who read the article in question feel doubly convinced of its truth when they saw men who every day have a chance of saying something for the principles of the order, yet who are silent all the year round and hope to make their mark on the immortal Twelfth by wearing a badge and walking through the streets? It is our daily walk and conversation, not an annual exhibition to which we must look for the establishment of principles, for the supremacy of an idea.

With all due respect to the order, I humbly submit that the enthusiasm be distributed over the other three hundred and sixty-four days; that the talk be couched with convincing proofs of sincerity; that the vows be not confined to lodges and parade days; that the public declaration of principles be on every day; that the open bible and the public conscience be emancipated in this year of grace one thousand eight hundred and ninety-three from party demagoguery and the leadership of small men. When truth and sincerity are made the basis of public sentiment we shall demand the realization of principles which are now celebrated as having been established in the past but which are forgotten in the present.

Toronto has the blues. Talking about blues, I suppose we all have this indefinite but

depressing disease; it is usually a mixture of biliousness, ill-temper and cloudy weather. This time of the year is particularly favorable to dejection of spirits and the cultivation of fanciful complaints. By reference to the dictionary I have learned that the dog-days begin in the latter part of July and last till September cools the air. When Sirius, alias the Dog Star, rises and sets with the sun, we are all apt to be very "sirius" when we think of our taxes and the evils that may crush us. It is very foolish to let this feeling dominate us, for the brightest dawn it has been alleged comes after the darkest night.

I was never more impressed with the dog-day feeling of Toronto than at the sale in the rotunda of the Board of Trade last Tuesday, when the estates of men who were once supposed to be wealthy were offered and sacrificed at public competition. The bidding was slow and the sales suggestive of hard times, but the conversation of some of the men who have least to fear was disheartening in the extreme. I shall not deny that there are disheartening features in connection with business, particularly where one's business is mixed up with real estate transactions. We were as unreasonably hopeful during our boom as we are absurdly despondent now. At that time we were willing to buy and able to sell at prices ridiculously high; now men of means look askance

overthanking the question; we are too far away from election day to need the text and iteration of things which have been said, and much better said, weeks ago. The issue before the people is well understood. It is a matter of public taste and convenience, not of morality or religion, and everyone knows whether his or her convenience will be furthered by a proper system of transportation on Sunday. The howler and the prowler have had their day; the issue has been long enough before the people to result in a calm and deliberate opinion. If the *World* had kept still year ago last January, Mr. E. B. Osler would have been mayor and many evils would have been avoided. It forced the issue at a time when there was a much greater question before the people. This year it had sense enough to fight against the matter being decided at the mayoralty election in January next, for all the moral specialists and sabbatarians would have come out to support another pin-headed and pretentious person. The temperance plebiscite will perhaps evolve a similar mayor next year; it certainly would not be politic to have too many morality questions before the people when they are suffering from lack of attention to financial issues. It is quite amusing to observe the Mayor's anxiety to have his old friends rallied by a street car question in January. However, this complication has been avoided, and anxious as

dozen times in these columns, that our affection of puritanism has done Toronto more harm than all the bad mayors and corrupt councils which have afflicted us. The parson and the priest pay no taxes and yet they make more noise municipally than even the saloon-keeper, who pays taxes three or four times over. The tavern-keeper pays a license, he is assessed politically, has to donate something towards the License Victuallers' Association, is scoffed at and abused, and yet he is damned in the pulpit and oppressed by his party if he has anything to say about municipal politics. The parsons and the churches in which they do business contribute no taxes, and yet we are never relieved from their everlasting song of how to conduct public business. I believe that those who contribute to the public funds are those who should manage them; those who pay taxes should be left alone in their management of public affairs. If our law makers were not a miserable lot of panders we would tax the property which is now exempt, and if some of these men who contribute nothing to the public purse had to pay higher assessments they would not be so ready in offering advice, the taking of which has cost this city millions of money. Toronto is all right, or will be when it has learned the lesson that there is nobody who knows less about managing public affairs than idealists. They live on fixed salaries, some

thing. As a writer in a weekly paper I may be permitted to ask if from this time out during this year of grace we had not better unite in doing our best to abstain from defaming Toronto any more. If by joint endeavor those who have an interest in this city can obtain a better municipal government, or at least a government by a larger variety of men, we will have accomplished something. I imagine the present occupants of elective civic positions do not require to be buried any deeper than they have buried themselves. What we need most to avoid is the burial of the city itself in a grave which should be occupied by men who have contributed to our misfortunes by being born. We do not need to wreck the city to kill them; they are dead.

From Tasmania the publishers of SATURDAY NIGHT have received one of the handsomest orders ever given from that colony for Christmas publications. It is the result of the Canadian-Australian line of steamers, a very gratifying testimonial to the high art and good printing of our SATURDAY NIGHT Christmas Number.

Editor Saturday Night.

DRAR EN.—Last year there was an attempt made by some of the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT to establish a club to send some of the Fresh Air children for a week or two to those kind farmers whose hearts and homes alike were open these stirring summer days to the needs of ailing little ones.

The suggestion I believe was made by Jim, upon reading a story published in your paper about a little namesake of his who gathered and sold wild flowers, &c., to enable him to send one or more children to the country for a few weeks.

Would it not be appropriate and fitting to name this The Clover Club? I have not seen any contributions specially mentioned in SATURDAY NIGHT this year for this purpose, and should like to give this most deserving object a fresh start. Enclosed please find for SATURDAY NIGHT's Fresh Air Clover Club, \$5.

BANK CLERK.

Fresh Air Fund:
Previously acknowledged..... \$29.00
Machinist..... 1.00
Usual..... 1.00
Back Clerk..... 5.00
Total..... \$36.00
DON.

The Cruise of the Scow Jane.

The relation of one man to another is an indefinite sort of a thing. The world does not know the "one man," nor does either the world or the "one man" particularly care to know the "other" or evince much interest in what becomes of him. It is only when the "one man" becomes individually responsible for the happiness or misery of the "otherman" that he is made to feel his responsibility or use his ability to be entertaining. There is always the awful possibility that the "one man" may refuse to be entertaining and the "other man" may insist on being sulky or indifferent, or actually display prejudices against the "one man." If the ordinary man were aware of how his peculiarities are canvassed by those who would like to be good to him, he would be careful to conceal his knobs and projections. As the majority of people do not belong to clubs or those social circles which do the inviting and organizing, it might be well for them to know the arguments that are used for and against the admission of any particular individual. The best talent of any organization is employed in inviting and rejecting the people who are to be admitted or refused the privilege of an excursion, or fishing party, or hunting expedition, or anything of that sort.

We will imagine a club of a dozen people. They become associated by reason of common instincts and pursuits, and have become acceptable to one another on account of a certain cosmopolitanism which is the product of being something a good deal and for quite a long while. When they begin to invite their friends, however, the "something" becomes indefinite, the "good deal" ceases to have a time limit or an exertion boundary, and "for quite a long while" means nothing at all. I would rather be dead than invite a good friend of mine into a fishing or hunting party long organized, set in its ways and notional as to its membership. He might be a good friend of mine all right but I should be cautious in risking him as a probable friend of six or a dozen people. We all ought to be cautious how we thrust the friend who is an accident or a growth upon the company of men who had no share in the accident and have not participated in the growth. The only one we can feel sure of at all is the cosmopolitan person. Cosmopolitanism is really nothing except the knack of reducing oneself to unobjectionable proportions. Speaking of reducing reminds me that no man can enlarge in a select party; he must always reduce, keep himself within the most reasonable lines of his reputation and of his ability. I know nothing so suggestive of the social necessities of the individual man as the well watched proprieties of a camping party.

While the world is large and every man feels that his own ambitions are worthy and that even his selfishness is excusable, we have no time or place to decide on the merits of an ambition or of a glaring selfishness. Reduce the world, however, to six or a dozen people, isolate them in a camp or on a house-boat, and the individual selfishness, the lack of regard for the feelings, desires and rights of others, becomes a crime. I think in this way we can best judge what we ought to do in this world. It is in these limited relationships that we find our proper position and the proportion that we can expect to obtain of the public ear and of the general confidence. A man may be very entertaining at his own fireside and yet as opposed



THE HOUSE BOAT "ARK," ALIAS THE "SCOW JANE."

at properties which are offered at half their value.

I think if we could find the reason for the long continuance of this "tired feeling" we might find a remedy. There must be a sarsaparilla somewhere in Gilead for people who have been over-sanguine. Had E. B. Osler been elected mayor a year ago last January contentment instead of suspicion would characterize public opinion. We shall never have a return of public confidence until our civic affairs are administered by a man in whom the people trust, and they will never trust anyone but a business man. We have had two recent experiments of local preachers as civic administrators, and they have been the most distinct and awful failures conceivable. No bank ever survived a run because its directors were plow or pretended to be; no city can hope to be prosperous unless efficiently managed. One good feature of the whole business is that already newspapers capable of doing much good have turned their attention towards the reformation of our civic management.

I care very little whether we have Sunday street cars or not, except as an indication that we are trying to make the city attractive and habitable. If the *World* continues to pry into the pantries of parsonages, out of sheer disgust and more with a view of rebuking the *World* than of boozing sabbatarianism, the Sunday street car measure may be defeated. This city has no desire to approve the methods of a Paul Pry who glues his ears to kitchen keyholes and applies his eye to the uncurtained window. In order to make the Rev. Dr. Langtry appear as he is, inconsistent and noisy selfish, the chief daily of a more liberal Sunday has groveled somewhat in the dirt, and there are people who may hate to acknowledge it as an associate. Furthermore, it is

I am to see our blue Sunday with some redeeming features in it I am certainly not prepared to denounce clergymen and laity with whom I differ, as being bigots and self-seekers. I can honestly confess that I think they are more selfish in their opposition than the friends of Sunday street cars are in promotion of the ideas. But moderation is the only hope of those who are anxious to see the remnants of the sabbatarianism of the Mosaic period laid away.

In the old times they used to put to death those who broke the Sabbath; the Mosaic law clearly defines the penalty as being extirpation. I am quite willing to have the law enforced, for it would be the self-righteous who would be certain to suffer most. I am willing to do nothing on Sunday; in fact, I am willing to do nothing during the entire three hundred and sixty-five and a quarter days of each and every year if the community will be kind enough to provide me with some way of making my daily bread and obtaining nightly shelter without exertion.

It seems odd that those who make their living on Sunday should be most concerned in preventing other people from working, or moving about, or enjoying any feature of life which is not accompanied by the taking up of the collection. However, it is very immaterial; life is short and trouble pretty general, and as we neither attract people into this world nor drive them out of it, because we curtail the pleasures of being alive it is perhaps well that we take a severe view of things and add to the penalties of being descended from Adam. The unfortunate feature of it is, however, that all cities do not promise to make their homes and streets the training school of asceticism, and the people go to live and spend their money in the pleasanter spots. I do not feel afraid to state, as I have stated a

of them, poor fellows, on miserably small salaries; they know no more about how to make the city prosperous in a commercial sense than I do about raising the debt off a church or leading people up to the penitent bench. Just now they are making scoffers by the score, yea, by the thousand!

No one who takes any pride in his craft can look with anything but distaste on the interviewing of the serving-women who cook for the parsons, yet it is with a divided disgust that we see revelations showing how far from overpowering is the interest felt by some of the clergy for the souls of those who prepare their dinners. What will the end be of all this miserable discussion, if it be not contempt for the cloth and disbelief in the professions of the super-good?

I started in to talk about how blue Toronto is feeling. We are suffering from an overdose of trustfulness, yet disheartening suspicions and loud complaints are not the cures that we should seek. Toronto will never be anything but a great city. It will always be a big city and land will be worth a great deal of money, and it will be worth more when as individuals we manage our own business a little better and put a stop to village politics. We will be more prosperous, too, when the newspapers instead of tagging around after small men and hankering for the distinction of having promoted the election of those who should have been defeated, are loyal to the place in which we live and less given to hunting for advertisements. There is no beauty or prosperity in the tone of the press of Toronto. The things of which we have a right to boast are never mentioned; it is an everlasting nagging and fault-finding, an interminable interference and belittling of everybody and every

to half a dozen vivacious fellows who can be more amusing than he is, there is nothing left for him but to shrink and to branch out as a cook, or a thoughtful friend, or a good fisherman, or an expert shot, or something else. The man who imagines that he is an awfully funny fellow and by some chance is inserted into a party, should take an early opportunity of rediscovering himself and be only that thing which the limited community demands and will accept.

I am not moralizing after one experience, but after many. By reason of having many acquaintances I have had many experiences as the stranger in hunting and fishing and exploring expeditions, and when I speak of my own experience I do it with the full confession of the weaknesses which experience leads me to seek to subdue.

Really it is a serious matter for a fishing, hunting or exploring club to invite guests. Every man feels confident that the person he proposes is all right, yet the balance of them cannot be refrained from canvassing him as a crank. In this great big world the crank has a place. Limit the community to the size of a military tent or a house-boat, and the crank is a dreadful person.

In spite of all these restrictions naturally set upon an invitation, I recently became the guest of a club which for many years has fished and hunted over the waters and shores of Georgian Bay. Their organization had taken a new shape. A house-boat had been engaged, and into the sacred circle of this grand organization of liars, fishermen and shots I came as an extraneous and probably deleterious substance. I felt that I had to be homogeneous no matter what happened, and from the very beginning I was prepared to be as big a liar as anyone within the radius which had attracted some of the leading and most beautiful falsehoods in their individual lines. The man who is unprepared to lie has no business in a company of joyful liars. My associates pronounced me the most exceptionally well equipped novice they had found. Within a day I could insert heavy lead sinkers into bass before having them weighed; I could bear witness to wonderful fish that I did not land but which we had hooked; I saw deer, moose, elk, and all sorts of game on the shore; if a man had seen a ghost I could have testified to it, and in this way I endeavored to become unobjectionable. I cannot speak of the success I achieved, only on general principles I know that I was one of the finest witnesses they ever had in the camp. I cannot see very far, and until I get a knife and fork I am not particularly expert in determining the variety or size of the fish. With these few preliminary explanations may I now have the pleasure of introducing the captain of the Scow Jane. The Jane is not registered in Lloyd's as A1 or otherwise. She was once known as the Ark, though there are no documents to prove that she was identical with the craft with which Noah was connected, but there is circumstantial evidence, and the crew are willing to go back to a period anterior to which the memory of man runneth not. The Scow Jane is a house-boat, designed for the accommodation of eight people but capable of sleeping eighteen—if the crew is friendly. The part which keeps her afloat is designed after the fashion of the ordinary scow, of rakish style, long slender lines, clipper built square at both ends, and is armed with a ten-ton refrigerator. On top of this is built a house with mosquito bars, cook's galley, dining-room and other modern improvements. She is towed to her destination by a tug, anchored to a tree, and the fleet of boats which is towed behind her furnish the means of excursion for the guests. The Scow Jane had a fine crew—six boatmen, a cook and a waiter. There were eleven people who were looking for fishing and amusement, and I decline to say that we did not have it, for I never before saw eleven people on pleasure bent more unanimous in their decisions as to what was best not to do or at greater unity as to what they should have to eat.

The first evening we were out we elected our officers, and each log will be found to read as follows:

Captain Beatrice, R.N., commander of the Scow Jane, plying between Penetanguishene, Minor's Bay and all intermediate ports. This gentleman had a reserve force as a fisherman, boxer and sport unrivaled by any of the company, and consequently was acceptable as the chief.

Prince Arthur was purser, and his first official act before we left home for the season was sending out the following circular with a list of names on the back of it, which for obvious reasons will not be given:

Our Club will leave Union Station on Friday, 16th, at 5:30 p.m., for Penetanguishene.

DON'T FORGET YOUR
Soap and Towels,
Tooth Brush,
Handkerchiefs,
Hand Brush,
Two Pairs of Socks,
Rubber Shoes,
Tobacco and Pipes,
Old Slippers,
Pyjamas, or Flannel Night Shirts,
Fishing Rods, Reels, etc.,
Waterproof Coat,
Moquillo Net (for head),
Pair old Kid Gloves,
GROWLER!

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

A French Canadian named Narcisse was chief waiter and had charge of the boat and the men. The peculiarity of this serving-man was that when any of us shouted out "Narcisse," a reply "Yes, sir" would come from somewhere. He might be on the other side of the island or the other side of the lake, but I don't think anyone ever called out "Narcisse" without hearing "Yes, sir." He was tall and unlovely to look upon and had most conspicuous patches on his trowsers, and when he waited on you at the table he had the unconventional habit of punching you in the back before enquiring what you would have. I don't think anyone found heart to rebuke him, for his intentions were honorable and he seemed to think it was the proper thing to do. Early in the morning or late at night the tall, ungainly figure of Narcisse with his old hat and faded eyes and

"Yes, sir," could be relied upon as a part of the programme.

Baptiste was the cook. I think he interested me more than anything I have seen since I stood before the cage of a chimpanzee in the London Zoological Gardens. To watch him in the kitchen cleaning raisins for our diurnal rice pudding reminded me more of the missing link than anything except an illustrated copy of Darwin's works. All the tonsorial assistance that Baptiste could give to this resemblance was provided. He wore bushy side-whiskers, a long and cleanly shaven upper lip, small twinkling eyes, and a white apron which naturally enough concealed the humanity of his shape.

Baptiste never talked; he was always busy, polite, and sat picking his raisins or beans with as pleased a smile as a mother chimpanzee ever wore when combing the hair of her young. The six boatmen were all French-Canadians. They brought no change of raiment with them and slept in straw in a tent erected on *terra firma*. Without exception they were willing and hard-working fellows and took a commendable pride in the catch of their boat. I never knew a man who rowed fisherman about who did not think he knew all the good places, nor did I ever know one who really knew a good place from a bad one. Usually the serving-man and brother insists on taking you to the most barren spots and yields to your suggestion that it doesn't look like a good place with the resignation which an expert has a right to show when the amateur endeavors to give him directions. The ordinary boatman seems to prefer to row out in the middle of the lake and put in his hours of labor discouraging the angler. In the presence of a man who knows the good places and insists on having his directions followed, he becomes a really valuable assistant; otherwise, except as a means of avoiding blistered hands, he is of no use.

Don.

Social and Personal.

The Lieutenant-Governor has returned from Chicago. Mr. Arthur Kirkpatrick and Miss Kirkpatrick are visiting friends in Muskoka.

Society events have been few and far between this week: several informal dinners to the passing visitors of note who have spent on an average twenty-four hours in Toronto, impromptu luncheons when the halt was for a lesser space of time, picnics and water parties, and on the cooler evenings a few half-hearted dance and ice cream parties. It is a weariness of spirit to the society editor, this lull between the seasons, but to the woman soul within her it is such a blessed holiday. No more efforts of memory touching *vieux rose*, *eau de nile* and cadet blue tints; instead the free and easy cream and navy blue flannels of the island and lakeside resorts, the crisp white and faint-tinted muslins and delaines of the city lawns, the cow-breakfast hats and the lace-wreathed chip sombreros that one can twist into a new kind every day. Talking of that reminds me of a fashionable lady's fun the other day. She and her latest swain came in from a stroll down King street, and the pretty woman, whose crowning beauty is her golden hair, tossed off one of Stitt's most bewildering chapeaux on the veranda lounge, whereupon the love-stricken swain promptly and inadvertently sat down on it. Fortunately for him, the hat pins didn't run into him, but the hat, *ciel!* it was a wreck. He took it up penitently, in abject despair, and stammered his apologies as he essayed to straighten it out. Madame sprang to her feet. "Don't touch it!" she cried. "It is a new style, and so chic and pretty bent like that. Thank you so much for sitting on it!" And she wears the hat with its new kinks and looks a picture in it!

A pleasant dance was given by a number of young people at Center Island on Friday evening.

A quiet wedding took place at 17 Winchester street on Tuesday, when Lieutenant R. C. Le-Vesconte, Q. O. R., and Miss Margaret Ross, second daughter of Mr. William Ross, were married. Mr. and Mrs. Le-Vesconte have gone to Europe on a three months' wedding trip.

The Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba and Mrs. Schultz, who have been visiting Mr. J. C. Kemp, 35 St. Vincent street, left for Ottawa on Saturday night.

Mr. F. W. Jackson, a former resident of Toronto and now in business in South America, has come to Canada for the summer. This gentleman was one of the most energetic pushers of the Athletic Club scheme, and was pleased to see that the club will soon be an accomplished fact. Mr. Jackson has a banana plantation in the South.

Mr. Christopher Robinson and family are summering at Oshawa.

Mr. W. H. Taylor of 30 Spadina avenue is at present enjoying a cruise on Lake Ontario in his pleasure yacht, the Psyche.

Mrs. Colin Postlethwaite and little daughter, of Trinaby avenue, are spending the summer at Orillia.

Mr. W. A. Baird, the Misses Gilbert, Mrs. T. Bryer, Miss Georgie Bryer, Mr. and Mrs. James Watt, Miss Watt, Miss Mary Watt, Mr. James Watt, junior, Mrs. T. Cheshire, Miss E. Shepherd of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. L'ary of Rochester, N.Y., Mr. and Mrs. W. H. and Miss Maggie Heagley of Dundas, are guests at Milford Bay, Muskoka.

Mrs. John Strachan and two daughters, of Hazelton avenue, are spending the summer at Cherry Island on the S. Lawrence.

Mrs. George Harman and family, Mrs. C. C. Baines and family, and Mrs. A. H. Wright and family are spending the summer at Hotel Chautauqua, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Miss Levance McCabe of Spadina avenue is at Apehloff, the charming summer residence of the family on the shore of Lake Ontario. She will on her return visit the World's Fair.

The following have registered at Peninsular Park Hotel during the week: Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Hill and son of Chicago, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs.

Crawford and Miss Carrie Switzer of St. Louis, Mo.; Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Kiely, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Russell Snow and family, Mrs. M. Cohen and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Langmuir and family, Mr. Robert McClain, Mrs. M. McConnell and family, Mrs. Wm. MacCulloch and family of Toronto.

Mrs. Hope of Harbord street is spending her holidays at her old home, Napanee and Kings- ton.

Mr. J. C. Hamilton, accompanied by Miss Hamilton, left for the Columbian Exposition, Manitoba and Fort William last Tuesday.

Miss Nena Hamilton of Elmira, N.Y., and Master Edward Hamilton of Princeton College are enjoying a month's visit with their aunt, Mrs. Hamilton, at Glen Lodge, Rosedale.

Mr. E. D. Wheelock, of the firm of Jacobs & Co., Chicago, spent a few days visiting friends in Toronto on his way from the Endeavor Convention.

Mr. Frank and Misses Lilly and Annie Stanley of 13 Oxford street left for Chicago on July 3 to visit their brother, Mr. Charles Stanley, and at the same time to do the World's Fair.

Mrs. Alice Harvey of Hamilton is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. A. Child, Jameson avenue, Parkdale.

Mr. G. W. Johnson of Upper Canada College, and Mrs. Johnson, left for Chicago on Saturday morning last. After taking in the Fair they will finish the holidays in Muskoka.

Mrs. H. W. and Miss Nellie Blackburn of Charles street leave this week for Port Sandfield, Muskoka.

Miss Chrissie Steen is spending a few weeks in Berlin.

Mrs. Samuel May and Miss May, accompanied by Misses McArthur and Croft, left last Tuesday on a prolonged visit to Muskoka, making Port Sandfield their headquarters.

Rev. J. H. and Mrs. Starr, Miss Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Chapman, Miss M. Daisys, Mr. and Mrs. M. McEvoy, Miss Rose of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Bennett of San Francisco, Cal., Mr. H. S. Fagin, Mr. Chas. E. Knau, Mr. M. Knau and wife, Miss Cora Knau, Miss Stella Knau and Mr. B. W. Gale, wife and child, of Cincinnati, Ohio, are guests at Hotel Chautauqua, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

A very enjoyable outing was given up the Humber river on Saturday afternoon last by Mr. Tom Christie and Mr. Bob Eason. The party was chaperoned by Mrs. Jack Walker and Mrs. Percy Horrocks. Among those invited were: Misses Morton, Ellis, Baird, Wylie, Flaws, Christie, McLean, McMurry, Eason, Grant, Matthews, Crawford, McDermid, Leslie, Ross, Birchall, Stanton, Hague, Nairn, Hatton, Michie, McDougall, Eoy, Livingston, Hughes, K. Peters of London, Mackenzie of Sarnia and E. Snetzinger of Moulinette, and Messrs. J. H. Walker, P. J. M. Horrocks, Eoy, McLean, McCord, Wills, Martin, Reid, A. Christie, Hood, Godden, Watt, Bolter, Robinson, Baird, Sherris, Bremner, Scanlon, Hedges, Ballantyne, Johnson, Patterson, Michie, Leslie, Livingston, Douglas and Von Cramer of St. Catharines.

Hon. John Beverley Robinson, Mr. C. J. Campbell, Mr. C. V. Saalgrave, Mr. C. A. B. Brown, Mr. W. S. Alley, Mr. Justice Rose, Mrs. Rose, Misses Wynne and C. Rose, Mr. Hugh Rose, Mrs. Elliot and maid, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Kiely, Mr. D. Bell, Mrs. E. A. Smart, Miss Smart, Miss Lillie Smart, Master Worth Smart, Mrs. S. Platt of Toronto, Mr. A. W. Barnard of Hamilton, Mrs. Hart, son and daughter, of Cincinnati, O.; Mr. and Mrs. Jamieson of Cleveland, O., and Mr. and Mrs. Stull of Rochester, N.Y., are registered at the Penitentiary summer resort.

At a late meeting of the council of the Canadian Institute fourteen essays on The Rectification of Parliament, some of large proportions, were received and opened. They are sent pursuant to the notice of that body offering a prize for the best, most appropriate and practical scheme. All approved as to form will be submitted to learned persons to adjudicate thereon.

The little bird announced that several society folks were busy brushing up their Spanish when the caravels were expected. A clever young member of our volunteer mess has donated to the bird a result of his studies in the following rhymes:

CHATEAUX EN ESPAGNE.
I've a very strong suspicion,
That the birth, rank and position
Of the chap on board the caravels are not all that they
That they're merely masquerades. [Jalm
Or, in other words, they're trading [Spain.
Or the kudos of Columbus, who I suppose did come from
One would naturally suppose,
That these Spanish Hidalgo.
Would put on no end of "swagger" when they anchored
That they'd pose as ultra-clanish, [to the bay.
And jester naught but Spanish,
For instance, "Buenos dias," instead of just "Good day."
So when the "rise" began,
To boor his little plan,
I underwent at once a course of "Spanish at a glance."
And I thought I'd make a hit,
And astonish folks a bit.
With my knowledge of the language, if I only got a chance.

Now I might have been contented,
When formally presented
To the captain of the Pinta if he had only said,
"Pasa v. por aquil," [Jalm
Or "Come sets v.?"
Or even smiled and murmured, "Tiens v. sed?"

But when I said "Estoy muy
Satisfecho," I set to see
If he would show some signs of being charmed.
He only blinked his eyes,
With very much surprise,
And whispered to the mate, "Well, I'll be darned!"

MAXWELL DREW.
Good morning. Come this way. How are you?
Are you thirsty? I am delighted.

Continued on Page Eleven.

electricity, while the tables on the lawn were laden with delicacies of the season. A delightful evening was spent and much enjoyed by all.

Miss Catherine H. Spence, of South Australia, is a guest of Dr. George Stewart of 99 College street. The lady is on her way to the World's Fair as a correspondent of the *London Times*.

Mr. Harold Jarvis, the celebrated tenor of Detroit, will spend his holidays in Toronto and vicinity.

Miss Nora Clench, the Canadian violinist, is meeting with great success with her recitals in London, Eng. On June 27 she gave a recital which was under the patronage of the Marquess and Marchioness of Lorne, Madame Albani, and other notables. Miss Clench will leave for Canada in the latter part of August and begin her Canadian tour in October.

A farewell address was presented to Lord and Lady Derby last Saturday by the Common Council at Ottawa. The address is in the form of an album of twelve pages and is a perfect work of art; on the last page is a beautiful pen and ink drawing of the Parliament buildings.

Mrs. T. R. Clougher and her mother, Mrs. Adams, left for British Columbia last Wednesday.

The Princess Pierre de Caraman Chimay wore at the Duchesse de Gramont's ball recently a lovely gown trimmed with orchids, her bouquet being a mass of those lovely flowers. The Princess was Miss Ward of Toronto.

Prof. and Mrs. W. H. Meek have left the city for a Western trip and will return in September, when they will make their headquarters here.

Mrs. Harry C. Blette of Church street is visiting friends in Brampton.

Lieut. Division, of the Queen's Own, who was so badly injured on May 24, is rapidly progressing at Grace Hospital.

Mr. John Cosgrave, late of Toronto, is very ill in Chicago.

Mr. J. G. Beard left on Wednesday for Preston.

On Thursday afternoon, July 6, Mr. George Gooderham took Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Schultz and a party of ladies and gentlemen for a cruise around the lake in his superb yacht O'hole. The party was a large one and a very pleasant afternoon was spent.

The Spanish caravels arrived at the World's Fair grounds on Friday, July 7.

The monthly devotional meeting of the King's Daughters was held in Grace Hospital on Monday, July 3. This circle, called the Heavenly Healers, is composed of many of the nurses with lady superintendent, housekeeper and some outside members. Since moving into the new building the circle has been the means of securing a King's Daughters room with four cots for children and a free bed for a King's Daughter.

Miss Joussaye, the president of the Woman's Protective Association, is shortly going out to the North-West as a special newspaper correspondent.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gooderham left last Tuesday for Old Orchard Beach.

Mrs. Helliwell of Kensington avenue left on Saturday, July 1, for the sea shore.

Mrs. Homer Pingle has gone to Bracebridge.

Rev. Willard S. Perrin, M.S., of Boston, with Mrs. Perrin and her mother, Mrs. Denton, are visiting Mr. W. E. H. Massey, Jarvis street.

Miss Lillie Stewart and Miss Ethel Kittson of Hamilton spent two days in town last week.

Miss Mary Patterson of Agincourt and her sister, Mrs. McNair of Crawford street, returned on Friday last from a visit to Chicago.

Mr. Chipot and family are at Long Branch for the summer.

Rev. Dr. Whitelaw, the genial Glasgow clergyman who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson of 86 Howard street, has said farewell to Toronto, after a pleasant visit of several weeks.

The little bird said: That it is a brave girl who accepts an escort for a trip to Niagara when the lake is rough and she is not a good sailor; that a handsome and popular grandpa

Continued on Page Eleven.

and so we always manage to have something in all of our departments at specially low prices.

On Saturday, July 15, we will be open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.

On Saturday, July 15, we will be open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.

<p

Out of Town.

Belleville

The most beautiful wedding which has taken place so far this season was that which was celebrated at Mrs. Taylor's residence on Alexander street on Wednesday morning at 10:30, when Miss Stella Taylor was united in marriage with Mr. Daniel Waters by Rev. Mr. McLean of St. Andrew's church. The beautiful Taylor mansion was elaborately decorated with flowers; the drawing-rooms were one mass of sweet peas, while in the dining-room both mantels were banked with daises and roses. The alcove in which the bride and groom stood was banked in pink carnations, while over the breakfast table was suspended a huge basket of pure white roses entwined with smilax, and from the basket four broad white satin ribbons extended to the corners of the table, where they were tied in a lover's knot. The tables, too, were lavishly trimmed with white roses. The bride, one of our handsomest young ladies, looked lovelier than ever in her bridal gown of white surah silk, imported from Scotland, and carried a bouquet of white roses. The bride was attended by Miss Ethelind Thomas, A.T.C.M., while Dr. McColl did the honors for the groom. Miss Thomas wore a pretty gown of pink bengaline trimmed with Irish lace and corsage bouquet of pink roses; Miss Denmark, canary silk; Miss Amy Denmark, cream delaine with pink silk trimmings; Miss Milburn, dove gray silk with bouquet of sweet peas; Miss Newberry, mauve silk trimmed with mauve chiffon; Miss McShane, a dainty gown of cream bengaline with white lace trimmings; Miss Lulu Davy, a pale blue silk trimmed with pale blue chiffon, a gown which suited her pretty blonde complexion immensely; Miss Bebbie Stinson, pale blue Brussels net over pale blue silk; Miss Walker, cream cashmere; Miss Brignall, a very graceful Empire gown; Miss May Lingham was sweet and dainty in cream surah; Miss Bowes, a handsome Empire gown of cream crepon trimmed with silver passementerie.

A pleasant water party, given by Mrs. W. L. Hamilton, in honor of Miss Warrington of England and Miss McShane of Montreal, was omitted in my previous letter. The guests left per steamer Ella Ross for Trenton, had dinner there and returned to Belleville, where the party was reinforced by another large contingent of guests, proceeded to Deseronto for supper and returned to Belleville by one of the Richelle steamers.

Mrs. Lord of Ottawa, who has been the guest of Mrs. Northrup for the past two weeks, returned home on Saturday.

Ottawa.

Sir John Carling has gone up to London for a few weeks' visit.

Mr. W. W. Strathy of Toronto spent Dominion Day in the city and is more than pleased with Ottawa. Mr. Strathy is a brother of our Frank of the Union Bank.

Sir A. P. Caron returned with Lady and Miss Caron from France early in the week, looking ever so much better for their trip.

Miss Daisy Bourinot, daughter of Dr. Bourinot of the House of Commons, is to be married to an Aylmer gentleman this month.

Mrs. and Miss Likens of Toronto are visiting Mrs. Cornish, Cliff street.

Mrs. Lord is still enjoying the gaieties of Belleville and accepted invitations to afternoon teas at Mrs. J. P. C. Phillips' and Mrs. Harry Corby's.

Mr. James B. Riley, Consul-General of the United States to Canada, arrived here on Sunday.

Mr. Collingwood Schriber, Deputy Minister of the Railway Department, returned from the Soo on Sunday, where he has been on business in connection with the canal.

Mr. J. W. Woods of Montreal spent Dominion Day in the city.

Mr. Robert Mackray is one of the shareholders of the Commercial Bank of Manitoba, which closed its doors the other day.

Twenty-one more of the employees of the Public Works Department have received notice that their services will not be required any longer.

Mr. S. C. D. Roper, well and favorably known throughout the country as the compiler of the Dominion Year Book, has been transferred from the Department of Agriculture to the statistical branch of the Customs Department.

Messrs. A. Mechell, Charles E. Medbury, F. White and W. B. Snow were in Toronto for a couple of days in the early part of the week.

Hon. J. C. Patterson, Minister of Militia and Defence, left for St. John's, Que., on Tuesday to inspect the military camp there.

Hon. Mr. Ouimet has gone to the lower St. Lawrence in the Government steamer Le Canadien with Chief Engineer Coste, on an inspection tour, and will be absent about two weeks.

Hon. T. M. Daly, Minister of the Interior; Mr. A. M. Burgess, Deputy Minister, and Mr. Arthur Chisholm, secretary to the Minister, left on Saturday on a tour through Manitoba and the North-West. Mrs. Daly will accompany her husband. The party will travel by private car and will be away about six weeks.

There has been a little more stir in society circles this week, owing to the departure of the Governor-General, but things have quieted down again and are likely to remain so now until the cooler months, when Ottawa's fair sex return from the summer watering-places, where so many are now enjoying themselves.

July 19 will bring us another convention. This time it will be the Masonic Grand Lodge of Canada and the Province of Ontario, when it is expected that fully five hundred delegates from all parts of the Dominion will attend the meeting.

Hon. Mr. Angers returned to the city early in the week.

Mr. Richard Hunt of Summerside, P.E.I., spent a few days this week in the city.

Mr. H. F. Fret, of the Department of Public Works, was married on Monday last to Aggie, youngest daughter of Mr. Richard Nagle. The happy couple have gone to the World's Fair to spend their honeymoon and will be away a couple of weeks.

Hon. Mr. Costigan presented Toronto's farewell address to His Excellency on Monday afternoon.

The following ministers were present at the formal reception to the Governor-General and Lady Derby in the Senate Chambers on Saturday last: Hon. M. E. Bowell, Costigan, Frank Smith, J. C. Patterson, and Haggart, and Sir A. P. Caron, and Comptrollers Wallace and Wood.

Mr. William O'Neill is visiting in Toronto.

Mr. W. C. Hamilton, Q.C., of Regina and Mrs. Hamilton are in the city.

Lord and Lady Derby left for Montreal on Wednesday. The party was accompanied by an escort of Princess Louise Dragon Guards. A guard of honor was furnished by the G. F. G.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Cameron returned home this week and are staying with Miss Belford, 355 Somers street.

Mr. A. P. Connor spent Saturday and Sunday in Toronto.

Mr. D. C. Chamberlain left on Friday morning to join his family at his summer residence up the Ottawa.

Mr. Allan Gilmour was in Toronto for a few

days the latter part of last week.

Mr. Clark Wallace, Comptroller of Customs, went to Stratford on Tuesday to address the Orangemen on the Twelfth of July.

Mr. A. M. Burgess has returned from Bathurst, N.B., where he has left his family for the hot months.

Mr. John F. O'Connor has passed the necessary examination and has been approved for admission as a cadet at the Royal Military College, Kingston. His name appeared in the Militia General orders in the *Canada Gazette* on Saturday of last week. Ottawa boys generally give a good account of themselves.

Hon. Frank Smith of Toronto visited the city on Saturday last for the purpose of being present at the reception to bid farewell to their Excellencies the Governor-General and Lady Derby.

Mr. Hume of the Interior Department has come with the Hon. Mr. Daly and party to the Pacific coast.

Lord Derby sails from Quebec on the steamer Labrador on Sunday. A parting address was presented to him by the mayor and City Council last Saturday.

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Mr. Allan Gilmour was in Toronto for a few

days the latter part of last week.

Miss Daisy Carre gave a most pleasant dancing party on Thursday evening of last week.

Mr. Allan Gilmour was in Toronto for a few

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.



S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

Building Sale

No price has been so low, but we see an advantage in July in making it still lower.

14 in. Woman and Solid Cord, 50c., were 85c. Silk Stripes, Dress Goods, gray and fawn, 95c., were \$1. Silk Mixtures, shot effects, 65c., were \$1. Silk Spots, shot effects, 90c., were \$1.50. 46 in. German Goffe Cloth shot effect, silk mixtures, Dress Hosiery, silk mixtures, shot effects, \$1, were \$19; \$10, were \$15; \$8.50, were \$4.50. All-wool Etched Serge, 42 in., 25c., Men's Negligee Shirts, starched collars and cuffs, 75c., were \$1. Men's white body, colored front and cuffs, \$1, were \$10. K. Washable White Ties, \$1.50 each. Cady Flannel Shirts, \$1, were \$1.25. Flannel Shirts, button and lace front, 45c., were 60c. Styles of Cashmere silk lining, \$2.50, were \$4. Dolman Capes, serge trimmed with moire silk, \$1, were \$3. Jet Capes, \$1.50, were \$3.50; \$1.75, were \$4. 32 in. Dress Prints, 55c., regularly sold 12.50. Styles of Print Linen, 55c., were 10c. Indigo Blue, best imported, 12.50. Pretty Satin, 12.50c., were 25c. Seaside Suitings, 20c., were 40c.

Reap the benefit of profitable shopping by ordering by letter if a resident out of town.

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S. W. cor. Yonge and Queen
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STORES NO. 174, 176, 178 YONGE STREET, AND 1 AND 3 QUEEN STREET WEST.

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Special low rates to Churches and Sunday Schools. See us before closing elsewhere.

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W. T. PEMBER, 127 Yonge St.

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Switches \$1. Wigs \$8. Toupees \$10. Waves \$2. Plain Fronts \$2. All Goods at Bottom Prices.

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THE TIGER LILY

THE STORY OF A WOMAN.

By G. MANVILLE FENN

Author of "Black Blood," "The Parson o' Dumford," "The Master of the Ceremonies," "A Mint of Money," &c. &c.

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CHAPTER XXI.

THE RUSE.

There was a puzzled look in Lady Grayson's face as Dale sprang at the Conte, and swung him round, sending him staggering from the door, before which he placed himself, his face dark with wrath.

For the moment, the Conte looked utterly astounded. Then, with a fierce ejaculation he made at Dale with his cane raised, and his countenance convulsed.

He uttered in Italian; and the artist clenched his fist, ready to proceed to any blow in Lady Dellatoria's defence.

But Lady Grayson flew between them, whispering to the Conte eagerly, and Dale caught a word or two here and there:

"Scandal—mistake—my sake—meet her now."

The Conte drew himself up and pressed Lady Grayson's hand, as he gave her a significant look. Then veiling his anger with a peculiar smile, he turned to Dale.

"Lady Grayson is right," he said with grave courtesy; "it was a mistake. I was quite in the wrong, Mr. Dale. I ought not to have attempted to break in upon your privacy. We all have our little secrets, eh? There, it is quite past. An accident, that Lady Dellatoria should be calling now, here."

"Yes, a strange accident," said Dale.

"It does not matter," continued the Conte.

"All this contrempte because ladies are vain enough to wish the world to see how beautiful they are. But she is long coming, this wife of mine."

No one spoke for a few moments, all standing listening for the steps upon the stairs, and the rustling sound of the Contessa's dress, but everything was perfectly still, and at last with a shrug of the shoulders the Conte turned to Armstrong.

"Is the lady in some ante-room waiting for our departure?"

"No," said Dale sharply.

"Because we would relieve you of our company, but we would rather meet the lady now."

"Of course, we would," said Lady Grayson. "We do not wish our visit to be misconstrued."

"I do not understand it," said Dale; and going to the bell he rang sharply. Then once more there was silence till shuffling steps were heard, then a tap at the door, and Keren-Happuch entered in answer to a loud "Come in," wiping her hands upon her apron and with her voice scarlet:

"Where is the lady you announced just now?" said Dale sharply.

"Plee, sir, she's gone, sir."

"Gone?"

"Yes, sir."

Lady Grayson uttered a low sigh of satisfaction.

"What did she say?"

"Notthin', sir."

"Did you tell her that this lady and gentleman were here?"

"Oh, no, sir. I never said nothin' to her, sir."

"Did you tell her she would call again?"

"That she didn't, sir. She couldn't. She just comed and good, faltered the girl.

"But, did she not hear our voices in the studio?"

"No, sir; she couldn't. Why, she never come no further than the street door mat, and you can't hear no talking in here, even if you stand just outside."

"Oh, you have tried?" said the Conte laughingly.

"That I hain't, sir, but I've seed missus more'n once."

"That will do."

"Yes, sir," said Keren-Happuch, but Dale checked her.

"Don't go," he said.

"Ah, we'll see the Mr. Dale, as the lady is not coming up to see us, we will go and see her. Madame, to the mountain, eh my dear Lady Grayson! May I see you to your carriage?"

"I have no carriage here," she said quickly.

"Yes, we had better go."

"After our double failure to-day; but Mr. Dale will alter his decision on our behalf. Good day, my dear modern representative of Fra Lippo Lippi. It is grand to be a handsome young artist," the Conte continued, as he took a step toward the dais and raised something on the end of his cane, "supplied by beautiful ladies to transfer their features to canvas; but you should warn them not to leave their veils behind when they take refuge in another room. Look, my dear Lady Grayson, and he held the veil toward her on the end of his cane, "thick—secretive—admirable for a disguise."

He tossed the veil back on to the dais, and opened the door for his companion to pass out, while Dale stood fuming with rage, and Lady Grayson gave him a mocking look as she advanced.

"Good morning, Mr. Dale," she said laughingly, and then in a whisper—"Secret for secret, my handsome friend. You and I cannot play at telling tales out of school."

"Lord, if it isn't like being at the theater," thought Keren-Happuch as the door was shut, and Dale crossed quickly to re-open it and stand listening till the front door closed. Then he came back to where the little maid stood waiting, while faintly heard came a call from below:

"Keren—Happuch—puch!"

"Comin', m'm. Please, Mr. Dale, sir, missus is a-kin of mine; may I go?"

"What is the lady who came just now?"

Keren-Happuch writhed slightly as she looked in a frightened way in the young artist's face.

"Do you hear me? I said who was the lady who came just now? It was not the Contessa."

"No, sir."

"Was it that—That American lady?"

"What, her with the pretty face, who went away crying, sir? Oh, no; it wasn't her."

The girl's words sent a sting through him.

"Then who was it?"

"Please, Mr. Dale, sir, I don't like to tell you."

"Tell me this instant, girl," he cried, catching her firmly by the arm.

"Oh, don't, please, Mr. Dale," whimpered the girl. "You frighten me."

Then a pained silence.

"Yes, sir, but I shall holler if you pinch my arm, and that Italian girl'll hear me."

"Please, sir, it was a cracker."

"What?"

"A bit of a fib, sir. I knew you wanted to get rid of them two 'cause you'd got her as you're so fond on shut up in there."

"Silence!"

"Yes, sir, but missus can't hear; she's down in the kitchen."

"Then nobody came?"

"No, sir; I thought if I come and said that, you'd like it, because it would send them away. I've often done it to missus when someone's been bothering her for money."

"Go down," said Dale, writhing beneath the sense of degradation he felt at being under the obligation to the poor little slut before him.

"Yes, Mr. Dale, sir, but please don't you be cross with me. I don't mind missus, but it hurts me if you are."

"Go down."

"Yes, sir," said the girl with a sob, and the tears began to make faint marks on her dirty face. "I wouldn't ha' done it, sir, on'y I knew you was in love with her and wanted

thump which drew the waiters' attention. "I beg pardon," he said hastily. "No, I don't. I'm not ashamed of my earnestness."

"Just eight," said Thorpe, looking at his watch. "I've a meeting to attend. You will stop and talk to my sister, Pacey?"

"Of course."

Ten minutes later they were alone, and Cornel's manner changed.

"You will not mind my brother's manner to you?" she said earnestly.

"Not I," replied Pacey bluffly. "He's mad against Dale, naturally. Wouldn't be a good brother if he were not. I'm mad against him and get worse every day."

"But tell me now—what news have you for me?"

Pacey looked at her with pitying thoughtfulness, and then said gravely:

"You have trusted me thoroughly since the first day we met, and made me your friend."

"Completely," she said earnestly.

"And a friend would be nothing unless sincere."

"No."

"I have no news then that is good."

Cornel sighed and rested her head upon her hand.

"Can nothing be done?" she said at last.

"Oh, it is too dreadful to let his whole career be blasted like this. Mr. Pacey, you are his friend; pray, pray, help me. Tell me what to do."

Pacey's brow wrinkled so that he looked ten years older, and he sat for some time with his eyes closed.

"At last he spoke.

"I have nothing to say to you as your friend."

"Yes; what?" she cried eagerly; but Pacey shook his head.

"Nothing but be strong and bear your cruel disappointment like a true woman, proud of her dignity."

"I could bear all that," she said piteously, "even if it broke my heart, but I cannot bear the knowledge that the boy with whom I walked hand in hand as a child, grew up with as if he were my own brother, and whose child-love ripened into a sincere affection, should drift away like this. Mr. Pacey—this woman I know how beautiful she is, and how she has ensnared him. I could not bear to see we should face to face. I know, too, what influence she has over him, but he is a wretched being whose life was void, a kind of gilded doll upon which he hung his jewels and whom he paraded before his guests, while in private my life was a mockery. Wife! By law, yes, till we can break the tie, and then you will take me to your heart, dear, away from all that black, despairing life, to a new one all delight and joy. For I shall be with you, my brave, noble—husband—I may call you husband then?"

Pacey was silent still, as he sat with his arms resting upon his knees, and his head bent, gazing at the carpet.

At last he looked up to meet her appealing eyes fixed on his.

"Yes," he said, and he took a long, deep breath, "there is no other way."

"You—you have thought of something?" she cried eagerly.

"It is a forlorn hope," he replied. "I caught not to advise it, and your brother will blame me and tell me I am not acting as an honest friend."

"The danger sweeps away all ideas of worldly custom, Mr. Pacey," she cried with animation, her eyes sparkling, her cheeks flushed; and as he gazed at her, the artist mentally said that if his friend could see the woman he had so cruelly jilted now, he would humbly ask her to pardon him and take him back to her heart.

"Yes," he said firmly, "this is not time to study etiquette. Go to him then. Don't look upon it as sinking your womanly dignity, but as a last effort to save the man you once loved from a deadly peril."

"Yes, and when I go," said Cornel faintly, "what can I say more than I have said?"

"Say nothing, child. If your face and your reproachfully forgiving eyes do not bring him to your feet, come to me, and go down upon your knees to thank God for saving you from a man not worthy of a second thought."

CHAPTER XXII.

me that I could laugh at your girlish efforts to separate us—for it was fate. There, you have tracked me down and seen: now go."

"Yes, I have tracked you down and seen, and you throw off your contemptible disguise this paltry cloaking and veiling. Armstrong, is this the type of the boasted British woman—an example to the world?"

"Cornel, silence! For heaven's sake go!"

"Not yet. I have a right here in the home of my affianced husband, and his being dragged to ruin and despised by a heartless creature devoid of love is of shame."

"You lie!" cried Valentina fiercely, as she struck the ebony stick with a stinging crack upon the artist's head, then caught Armstrong from him as he went down senseless upon the floor.

"Now am I such a simple idiot and fool?" said Lady Grayson in a quick whisper.

"Yes; to talk now," was the fierce reply.

"Help me get her away, or I shall kill him."

Without another word she went to Valentina's side, and between them they dragged her, sick almost unto death and half fainting, out of the studio and down the stairs to Lady Grayson's carriage, which was waiting at the door.

"Is anything the matter, miss? Can I do anything?" said a voice.

Cornel looked up from where she was kneeling on one of the rugs with Armstrong's head in her lap, and saw that the grimy little face of Keren-Happuch was peering in at the door.

Cornel looked at her wildly for a few moments, and then in a low hoarse voice whispered:

"Yes; quick, water." Then, with a piteous sigh, "Oh, the blood—the blood!—Help!—quick, quick! He is dying. Oh, my love, my love, that it should come to this!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE AWAKENING.

"Don't be in a flurry, miss," said Keren-

her hand and snatched the veil from Valentina's face.

The Conte uttered a cry of rage, and made a dash at her, but she avoided him and sprang toward Armstrong, who caught her in his arms but so as to have his right at liberty.

But it was not free in time, for the Conte with a cry of rage swung round and brought down the heavy ebony stick with a stinging crack upon the artist's head, then caught Armstrong from him as he went down senseless upon the floor.

"Now am I such a simple idiot and fool?" said Lady Grayson in a quick whisper.

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Happuch coolly; "he ain't so very bad. Here, you'll soon see!"

She rushed into the bed-room and returned with a basin, sponge and towel, which, to her surprise and annoyance, were taken from her hand; and she saw Cornel, with deft manipulation, bathe the cut, examine it, and then take from her pocket a little case, out of which she drew a pair of scissors and a leaf of adhesive plaster. A minute later she had closely clamped away a little of the hair, pressed the cut together, and cleverly strapped it up.

"Hold this handkerchief pressed to it tightly, while I bathe his temples," said Cornel; and, as this was done, she bathed the wide-open eyes, the pulse felt, and the temples bathed before a few drops from a stoppered bottle were added to a wine-glassful of water and gently poured between his lips.

"Lor' if she ain't one o' them female doctors," thought Keren-Happuch. "Wonder what she's give him to drink."

There was a singular look of dislike condensed into a frown on the girl's brows as she watched Cornel, and a jealous scowl or two as she saw her take Armstrong's hand and kneel by his side, waiting for some signs of returning animation; but at last it seemed as if the girl could not keep her tongue quiet.

"I say," she whispered, "are you a doctor, miss?"

"No; my brother is a medical man, though, and I have been often to a hospital and helped him as a nurse."

"Oh, then you know what's right. But oughtn't he to have some beef tea?"

Cornel shook her head, and Keren-Happuch was silent for a few minutes, but she could retrain no longer.

"You're the 'Merican lady he was engaged to, aren't you?"

Cornel bowed.

"I thought you was. I've took him your letters with Houting on 'em, lots of times."

Cornel sighed.

"You're going to marry him ain't you?"

"No."

"Then it's all off!"

"Yes."

Keren-Happuch looked relieved. The scowl disappeared from her countenance and she smiled at Cornel.

"Don't you take on about it, miss. It ain't worth it. I allers liked Mr. Dale, and he makes me feel as if I'd do anything for him, and I allus have done as much as mislead let me; but it's no use to worry about artisess; they're all like Mr. Dale—all them as we've had here."

Cornel looked at her indignantly.

"On it ain't my fault, miss. I never wanted him to have ladies come to see him. I've gone down into the kitchen along with our old cat and had many a good cry about it. Not as he ever thought anything about me."

Cornel looked at the girl in wonder and horror.

"But he was allers kind to me, and never called me names, and made fun of me like the others did. On' Miranda, and I didn't mind that. Them others teased me ouchful, you know. Men ain't much good, but you can't help liking 'em."

"Hush!" whispered Cornel, "he is coming to."

For there was a quivering about his lips, and then his eyes opened wildly, to gaze upward for some moments before memory reasserted itself and he gave a sudden start and looked sharply round.

Cornel suppressed a sigh.

"Not for me," she said to herself; and she was right. It was not for her.

She knew it directly, for he turned to her, caught her wrist and said excitedly:

"Gone!"

"Yes; they are gone."

"But I'd Dellatorre—gone, with him!"

The woman was anxious if they would choke her, but Cornel spoke out quite plainly, and without a tremor in her voice, though there was a terrible compression at her breast.

"Yes," she said calmly, though every word she uttered caused her a pang; "she has gone back with her husband."

Armstrong lay perfectly still for a few minutes, thinking deeply. Then, as if resolved what to do, he said sharply:

"Help me up."

Cornel bent over him, but he turned from her.

"No, no, not you; Miranda."

The girl eagerly helped him to rise, and he leaned upon her as she guided him to a chair.

"Thanks," he said huskily. "Now, you wait there."

The girl stopped at the place he had pointed out, watching Armstrong as he signed to Cornel to approach, and held out his hand.

She took it mechanically, and held it fast.

"Thee you for what you has done," he said. "Now go and forget me. You see I am hopelessly gone. It was to be, and will be, no use to fight against fate. Now go back to your brother."

"And leave you—sick!"

"Yes; even if I were dyin'. God bless you, dear! Think of me as I used to be."

"Armstrong!" she cried, with her hands extended toward him, but he waved her off.

"No, no. I am a scoundrel, but not black enough for that. Go back to your brother."

"Go!"

"Yes; I insist. You cannot forgive me now."

She could bear no more. Her chin sank upon her breast, and with one low, heart-breaking sigh she went quickly from the room.

"Thank heaven that's over," muttered Armstrong. "For the end, and the quicker the better. Life is not worth living, after all."

He looked sharply round to where Keren-Happuch stood clapping her eyes upon her apron.

"Here, girl!" he cried.

"Yes, Mr. Dale, sir."

"Go at once to Mr. Leronde's rooms—you know—in Poland street, and ask him to come on here at once."

"But are you fit to leave, sir?"

"Yes, yes. Go quickly."

The girl hurried off on her mission, leaving the artist thinking.

"He would challenge me if I did not challenge him. I suppose it ought to come from me after the blow, for me to prove that I am not un lache, as our French friends term it. A duel! What a mockery! Well, better so. Let him shoot me and have done with it. There

is not room here for us both. Poor Cornel! It will be like making some expiation. It will leave her free. She can deal more tenderly with my memory as dead than she could with me living still. I should be a blight upon her pure young life. Ah! if we had never met."

He lay back, feverish and excited, and there were minutes when he was half delirious, and had hard work to control his thoughts.

For he was wandering away now with Cornel, who had forgiven him because Valentine was dead. Then it was Cornel who was dead, and she was with the Countess. They were in some glorious land of flowers, fruit and sunshine, but the fruit was bitten; the flowers gave forth the scent of poison, and the sun beat down heavily upon his head, scorching his throbbing brain.

He woke up from a dream crowded with delirious fancies, and uttered an ejaculation of satisfaction, for his brain was clear again, and Leronde was standing before him waiting to know why he had been fetched.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE SECOND SECOND.

"Ah, oui, of course," said Leronde, exhaling a little puff of smoke. "It is so, of course. I know. If there had been no knog viz ze atique, the huzziband would challenge you. But viz ze knog viz ze atique, so big a knog, I sink you challenge him, and satisfy l'honneur. I go at once and ask him to name his friends."

"Yes, I suppose that will be right," said Armstrong after a few moments' thought.

"But I am not sure that you can fight so soon."

"Why?"

"You've ze bad head."

"Bah; a mere nothing. I am ready; but, of course, as you say it cannot be here. Listen! Is not that someone on the stairs?"

They were not left in doubt, for Keren-Happuch came in, round-eyed and wondering, with a couple of cards in her apron-guarded thumb and finger.

"Please, Mr. Dale, sir, here's two doctors come to see you."

"Ma fol! two!" cried Leronde. "One is bad, too much. Send em away, my friend."

"Bah! Show them up," said the artist; and Keren-Happuch hurried out. "Look!" continued Armstrong. "Italians; his friends, I suppose."

"Ah!—holding out the cards—that is good," cried Leronde. "He challenge then. I am glad, for I was gettin' head muddled after all, vezzer you ought to challenge. Now we are quite square."

A minute later two important-looking men were ushered in, to whom Leronde at once advanced with a dignified mien, receiving them and listening to the declaration of their mission, and after a few exchanges of compliments on one side of the studio, away from where Armstrong sat scowling, they left with the understanding that Leronde was to wait upon them shortly to arrange all preliminaries.

"I am still not quite satisfied," said Leronde thoughtfully. "I ought to have been first and take your challenge to him."

"But what does it matter if we are to meet?"

"But you've ze insulte."

"Indeed?" said Armstrong, with a bitter smile. "Opinions are various, boy. But let that rest. Help me lie down on that couch and give me a cigar."

Leronde obeyed, watching his friend anxiously.

"You will not be well enough to fight."

"I will be strong enough to fight, man," cried Armstrong savagely. "There, wait a bit. It is too soon to follow them yet; and for a while they sat and smoked, till Leronde burst out with:

"I am so glad you go to fight, my dear Dale."

"Ah, yes!" said Armstrong gruffly.

"Yes; it do me good that you are ready to fight me like a gentleman. I thought all Englishmen degrade themselves viz ze boxe. Bah! It is not good. You have ze muscle, great; but so have ze dustman and ze navigator; let them fight—so."

"But look here, Leronde; this must be kept secret from everyone."

"Oh, certainly, name of a visky and so-daire. I tell nobdis. You think I go bla and tell of zis meeting? Valkaire! Mums!"

"Have you ever seen one of these affairs at home?"

"Oh no, my friend, not ches moi—at home. It was in the Bois de Boulogne."

"And you saw one there?"

"Four—five—and all were journalists. I was in two as principal, in two as friend of my friend, and in ze oder one I go as friend of ze docteur."

"Then you quite understand how it should be carried out?"

"Yes, yes, yes," said Leronde, nearly closing his eyes and nodding his head many times.

"Soyez content. I mean make yourself sholly comfortable, and it shall all go off to the mar-vell."

"Very well, then. I leave myself in your hands."

"That is good. Everything shall be done as you say first-class."

"And about weapons?"

"You are ze person insulte, and you have ze choice. Le sword, of course," cried Leronde; and, throwing himself on guard he foiled, parried, and hopped about the studio, as if he were encountering an enemy.

"Sit down, man," said Armstrong peevishly.

"I'm afraid, sir, I choose the pistol."

"It is sharper and sharper."

"But you do not want to shoot ze man for stealing fence like angels, and there will be a little gentlemanly play; you prick ze Conte in ze arm, honneur is satisfy, you embrace, and we return to Paris. What can be better than that?"

"Pistol!" said Armstrong sternly.

"But you do not want to shoot ze man for stealing away his wife."

"No," said Armstrong in a low voice. "I want him to shoot me."

"Ha—ha! You are a fonnay fellow, my dear Dale. You will not talk like zat when you meet. Z sword!"

"Pistol."

"As you will," said the Frenchman, shrugging his shoulders. "You are my principal, and I see zat your honneur is satisfy."

"But, mon cher Pacey!" cried Leronde, "l'honneur!"

"Hang honor!" roared his friend. "I'm going in too common sense;" and before the Frenchman could arrest him the door was banged to, locked, the key removed, and steps were heard on the landing; then the sitting-room was locked, and with his face full of perplexity Leronde lit a fresh cigarette.

"Faith of a man, these English," he said; "sey are mad, as Shakespeare did say about Hamlet, and I am sure if zey do shave Sho Pacey head zey will find ze big crack right across him."

For Sunstroke

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. A. L. Zuker, Melrose, Minn., says: "It produced a gratifying and remarkable regenerating effect in a case of sunstroke."

then to see ze friend of m'sieu le Conte, and to make all ze preparations for to cross to Belgium, but, my faith, my dear Dale, it is very awkward: I have not ze small shange for all ze preliminary. May I ask you to be my banker?"

"Yes, of course. I ought to have thought," said Armstrong.

He went to his desk and took out the necessary sum, passed it to the volatile little Frenchman, who was shaking him by both hands, and at him with tears in his eyes, told him he was proud of him, and then hurried off with his head erect, his hat slightly cocked and his eyes now sparkling with excitement.

"Step ze first to be in ordaire: whom shall we ave for ze ozone seconde?"

He frowned severely and walked on a few yards, looking very thoughtful. Then the idea came.

"Of course, you Pacey. He will be proud

and to see me to meet ze ozone seconde."

Leronde had been in the lowest of low spirits that morning. The news from Paris had been most disastrous for gentlemen of communistic principles, who, in spite of crying "Vive la Commune!" saw the unfortunate idol of their lives withering and dying daily. Money, too, had been very "shorts," as he called it, and he had gone to Armstrong Dale's in the most desperate manner. But now all that was altered. He had money in his purse and walked as if on air. There was no opportunity for following the tracks of either la Glore, or l'Amour; but here was "l'honneur," the other person of a Frenchman's trinity, calling him to the front; and on the strength of the funds in hand, he entered the first tobacconist's and bought a whole ninepenny packet of cigarettes, and then smoked in triumph all the way to Pacey's lodgings.

This gentleman was growling over a notice of the Old Masters Exhibition which he had written for a morning paper, and with which, he was at the time, in round-eyed and wondering, with a couple of cards in her apron-guarded thumb and finger.

"Please, Mr. Dale, sir, here's two doctors come to see you."

"The second second."

"The second second."

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND H. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers. Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto. TELEPHONE 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year.....	82 00
Six Months.....	1 00
Three Months.....	50

Delivered in Toronto, 50c. per annum extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LTD.), Proprietary.

VOL. VI] TORONTO, JULY 15, 1893. [No. 34

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A Curious Coincidence.

IT was a blazing hot summer afternoon, the lawn was green, silvered with gray dust, the flaring red geraniums gazed up with unabashed defiance at the golden sun, the sky was stone-blue with heat, the birds were utterly silent, every blind was drawn down in the Rectory house, every window shaded with closely fastened curtains. Far in the distance the lake and the sky met in a mist of torridity. Down at the end of the Rectory garden are four pine trees, set in a little square. They are fifty feet high now, but Millicent, sitting under their fragrant shadows, remembers when they were dapper little treelets, when even she, small as she was, could see over their pointed topmost spears.

She is working industriously at some fanciful pattern in twine knots, and twists, and turns, and gares are growing as the sun rides lower to the west. It is not brain work, and Millicent's thoughts are roaming far from it. She thinks of distant lands, of sea shores, of mountain tops dazzling with virgin snow, of tropical woods festooned with strange plants, growing and living on air. Suddenly she shivers, a strong, convulsive shudder, and thinks no longer of nature, frigid or tropical. She looks round expectantly, and then after watching in an earnest, half-startled way every possible avenue of approach to her bower, she smiles faintly, shakes her head, twists her shoulders about nervously, and rising, goes zig-zag from shade to shade into the darkened Rectory. All the way she is thinking of someone—someone far away, but very dear—dear in the whole-some friendly affection which is humanity's most noble feeling. She seems to see him, with mischievous eyes alight and lips breaking into smiles, and she smiles back at her heart-picture and wonders once more at the chill which made her shudder just now. It is three o'clock. The silver clock chimes from the darkened hall, and again she shudders, in quite involuntary fashion. She collects herself. "I will write to him," she says, and she opens her desk. His last letter lies on top of the contents, his funny, cheery, comical letter, detailing the foibles and fancies of a summer watering-place; not much endearing tone, not many fond words, for they are not lovers, only the truest friends you ever saw, each proud of the other, each expecting great things of the other, and so mutually helping, spurring, delighting one another. She reads his letter, half thinking of its contents, half thinking of him; she doesn't smile and she does not write.

The moments pass and once more she shudders. Now she becomes restless and nervous, and hurriedly closes desk and letter and runs downstairs singing, and overwhelms her quiet mother with a young girl's pretty chatter. It is just four o'clock.

II.

June and July at the seashore, how he has enjoyed them! Lying on the rocks, with half a dozen young women in summery attire perched round him, with a dozen children floundering in and out of the shallows under the shadow of the tall cliffs, he has dreamed many an afternoon away. "Wasting time!" do you say. No! for the grave-faced doctor who talked with him for half an hour had finished his talk with these words: "Only perfect rest can save your life." And over-worked, over-tired, over-ambitious as he was, the sea-side lounger knew the doctor spoke the truth. The delicious salt breeze played over the dancing waves. Here it was cool and shady; there diamonds, emeralds and opals rolled in the sunshine; here was quiet and drowsy rest; there motion, life, mystery. The girls strayed away and left him, the children followed—all but one little maid who had adopted him into her enthusiastic child-heart and worshipped him. She sat seriously watching him as he drifted into sleep, her child-soul wrapped in God knows what of dreams and fancies. Then she sauntered down the beach to the fringe of bubbles that marked the reach of the last wave. On she stepped, and with her little white feet in the water she turned back for another look at her idol. A great wave came boisterously, a shrill cry clef the air—another! The sleeper sprang to his feet. The child was gone! The little, quiet, tender, loving girl-child whose warm little hands had but now smoothed his hair and lain soft and moist in his. Suddenly a gleam of white, a glimmer of wet, gold curles shone on the crest of a wave. With a hoarse cry he dashed into the sea and swam out to that gleam and glitter. He caught her floating curles as she drifted, and struggled back to shore. When she smiled back into his white face something seemed to rise in his throat and strangle him; he strained her to his heart, and then he suddenly sank on his knees. Something really choked him, something warm, cruel, red! The child burst into terrified

shrieks; the girls came running back; the children rushed for help; the great hotel clock chimed three! Men and women with sorrowful, tender words came; a mother came and kissed his hands and blessed him; a tall father snatched the little maid to his breast and ran home with her, screaming and dripping; a doctor, a holidaying hospital nurse, four servants with a venetian shutter and a cot mattress, from far and near they came, for he was well loved.

They got him to the wide-piazzaed hotel, between dry, warm blankets; they hovered round his doorway, awed and sorrowing. Meanwhile he lay with merry eyes closed, with laughing lips pale. Once he motioned, for he dared not speak, and the hospital nurse divined, and handed him a card and a pencil. He wrote a few words, she enclosed the card in an envelope, and he scrawled thereon, "Millicent May, The Rectory, Mayfield." The hotel clock pointed to four o'clock. Suddenly he opened his eyes wide, raised his hand and said strongly, "Millicent, good-bye." The hotel clock struck four.

And when the postman handed the envelope to Millicent she grew white, and as she read it she whispered, "Yes, dear, I knew, I knew!" G. E. D.

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde's Prize Fight.

NEVERYONE has a hobby. Often it absorbs the whole energy of its victim, who then called a genius or a crank, according to his popularity; but frequently hobbies are secondary in importance and have for their chief aim amusement.

A few years ago I read *The Curious Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, and have since often entertained myself by collecting illustrations of the general principle contained therein—the struggle between the spiritual and the animal of our nature. Many of these contests are more comic than tragic, especially the one I am about to relate. Since this incident occurred I have lost interest in the subject, thinking I could hope for no better illustration of my hobby, nor indeed another as good.

It was the day after the great Sullivan-Corbett fight. Mail-time had arrived in the little town where I was then living, and the main streets was filled with groups of three or four, eagerly reading the account of the "mill." Solely for the time was divided into two classes, those who won their bets and those who lost them. "The submerged tenth" was represented by those who didn't bet and wished they had, ridiculed by the winners and despised by the losers on the principle that "Twas better to have bet and lost than never to have bet at all."

Entirely outside the pale must be placed the little band who were confessedly opposed to the whole affair, and leading on the van of these were the two worthy ministers of the place, destined to be immortalized here. That day, poor men, they had lost all their faith in humanity, forgetting that the little leaven of Old Adam, which is common to all, is very apt to leaven the whole lump. Parson M—'s heart was indeed heavy, for had he not seen his right-hand deacon explaining a wrinkle in boxing to an intensely interested audience? And had not the aforesaid deacon, instead of "wilting," failed to recognize his beloved pastor as he strode by?

On the other hand, Parson G— had actually seen a pillar of his church counting over a "wad" he had just received, and chuckling to himself the while. "And after my sermon on the Deceitfulness of Riches," the person seemed to groan as he walked hastily by. "I shall prepare a discourse on the Depravity of Man, without fail, for next Sunday."

During the afternoon of this woe day these two gentlemen met in the public reading-room of the town. Defection marked their every feature. Mankind after all, in his real nature, was little removed from the savage.

Naturally the conversation soon turned to the great fight. Parson G— fired the first shot by terming it disgraceful. Parson M— thundered, "Sir, it is a shame to civilization." They warmed to their work soon and whole volleys of "shame," "disgrace," "brutal," "savage," were hurled forth, until at last the enemy was totally demolished by Mr. M— who, after comparing the present popular taste to that of the Romans in their latter days, predicted as speedy a downfall in the future for us as they experienced in the past.

Then the papers got their full share of blame. Now, we are assured that "pride goeth before a fall," and soon, to my great amusement, the speakers began to go more into particulars. One dwelt on the brutal description of such a round, the other on the horrible details of the finish, both with rather more gusto than was necessary. The description of Sullivan's pounded face roused Mr. M—'s ire, while Mr. G— vividly described how the catastrophe might have been averted, ostensibly with view of making inferences concerning the stupidity of pugilists in general. Thus one detail led to a worse one, until I was forced to conclude they must have studied that prize-fight quite as much as some of their sermons, studied it under the three laws of Intensity, Continuity and Repetition.

Finally, they were so carried away by their eloquence that their eyes glared; they squared their shoulders until it really looked as if very little provocation would make their lecture an "illustrated" one. But the best of all was when they got through talking and calmed down. Action, we are gravely told, is always followed by reaction, so when our two masters realized how their feelings had overcome them "in a moment of weakness," they were a perplexed and abashed pair of men. How had it happened? I was swallowed up in the fact that had happened. Like Longfellow's Arabs, they "folded their tents and silently stole away."

I thought I could see those sermons on Depravity in the waste-paper basket, and for once a guess of mine was right. Parson G— being of a buoyant turn had recovered a little, and had for his morning text the words, "Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us." At night Mr. M—, being pessimistic and still in the depths, announced in sepulchral tones the text, "Vanity

of vanities, saith the preacher, all is vanity." I could not help parodying Shakespeare, "Hath not a minister eyes? Hath not a minister hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions?" SALANIO.

Butter Was Dear.

HE was a very young man, a mere youth in fact, but he belonged to the Methodist persuasion and the reverend fathers had sent him away back to a country district to preach his first sermon.

The most trying part of his career was over. It was Monday morning and he had preached three times on the preceding Sunday, or rather he had read, with a few extemporaneous but oratorical remarks of his own sandwiched in, three of his father's threadbare sermons; but anyhow he had won experience at the expense of the unsophisticated tillers of the soil, and he had been admired almost to satiety, although he was a very vain young man, by many pairs of bright, girlish eyes peeping from beneath rustic hats.

He was about to start on his homeward journey, but he lingered for a few parting words with the pretty daughter of his host, a shrewd calculating old farmer with an eye to business.

"Is the preacher gone yet, Marthy?" called the farmer's voice from the regions of the back door.

"No, father," was Marthy's reply, given with some trepidation lest her father should appear on the scene in his old working clothes and spoil the effect of her own pretty wrapper.

No such evil befell her, however, and for ten minutes or so the chat went merrily on, when suddenly the farmer's voice broke on their startled ears again:

"Marthy, is the preacher gone yet?"

Marthy's pretty lips were just framing the monosyllable "No," when a whispered "Say yes" from the preacher, who scented some fun, prevailed against her own pretty wrapper.

So such evil befell her, however, and for ten minutes or so the chat went merrily on, when suddenly the farmer's voice broke on their startled ears again:

"Marthy, is the preacher gone yet?"

"Yes," replied the man at the desk, "but—"

"Kinder sloppy lookin' furniture, though."

"I'm sorry you don't like it."

"Oh, it don't bother me none. That's as bum a desk as I've seen for some time."

"Now, see here—"

"Pretty rocky suit of clothes you're wearin'."

The man at the desk got red in the face and jumped from his chair. "Dad blast you!" he shouted. "What do you mean by coming in here and talking like that?"

"Don't get excited," replied the man with the short-cropped beard calmly. "Sit down."

The man at the desk sat down.

"Wearin' a dirty collar, too, ain't ye?" asked the visitor.

The man at the desk got red in the face again. Before he had time to say anything the bewhiskered man continued: "I shud think you'd black your shoe. It don't cost much, and them you wearin' is disreputable."

The man at the desk pranced around the room. "Get out of here!" he shouted. "Get out or I'll call a policeman."

"Don't get excited," urged the man with the beard. "It's bad for the nerves. That's the worst fittin' coat I ever see."

The man at the desk was dumfounded. He was so mad that he could not talk. "An," continued his visitor deliberately, "I notice that that hat of yours is last season's style, an' that you hain't had a shave to-day, an' that your hair needs cuttin' an' that it wouldn't hurt anythin' if you had this floor sweep' on or twice a month. The air is burn bad here, too."

By this time the man at the desk had gathered his dazed faculties. He picked up a heavy ruler, and walked over to the man with the short-cropped whisker. "Now," he said, as calmly as possible, "what in heaven's name do you mean by coming and talking like that? Tell me before I batter the life out of you."

"Well," said the man with the whiskers deliberately, "I called in to see if I could insure you in the Early Bird Mutual Endowment Society, which offers the best insurance on the globe at the lowest rates."

The other fell back in his chair in blank amazement. "You—want to insure me?" he gasped. "And talk like that?"

"Cert," said the man with the whiskers. "I'm dead tired jollying people, and I thought I'd try another lay. What do you think of it? Little idea of my own."

The man at the desk arose from his chair. He reached over and grasped his visitor by the collar and pulled him to his feet. Then he hit him over the head with the ruler and knocked him down. He then proceeded to wipe the floor with him. After he had jumped all over his visitor he dragged him to the door and threw him out into the hall.

Ten minutes later the door opened and the man with the short beard stuck his head in. The man at the desk jumped up and grabbed his ruler. "Hol' on, boss," said the insurance man. "I want to ask you a question."

"What is it?"

"Hain't to be no more slippin', is there?"

"Nah! I'll let up on you."

"Well, on the dead an' layin' all business aside, that coat of your'n is a bum-fittin' thing, ain't it?"

The man who occupied the office forgot his promise and fired a law book at the insurance man. The latter immediately picked it up and booted downstairs. *Buffalo Express.*

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IDO not mean a square, dark receptacle lined with tin, in which milk and other perishable materials are treated with a distinction not yet accorded to the vital spark. Why does no one invent a place where we could be put on ice and allowed to respire feebly until the world is ready for us again? But my human refrigerator has left my side, and now that we are experiencing the cold summer which was to follow the cold winter, her fate causes me much pain.

She belongs to that small but invaluable class of the community from whom blows a perpetual cold gale of propriety upon the rest of the world. Early in our acquaintance I recognized her value as a refrigerator, and the frigidity of her lee side corrected the exuberant temperature of several summers.

If you meet her you cannot fail to recognize the calm eyes never heated by anger or delight, the precise features where no faint hue of passion ever lingers. She is so proper that no one who earns a living can conceive of her, so proper that she has long since ceased to have any age—just a vague change like the mountains. She wears gloves on the warmest days and couldn't exist with anything so shockingly improper as avoridopolis. The only place where she is thoroughly happy is by herself, and even there her feelings are wounded by the dust carried in from the outside world.

But if I could see her folded hands resting in her lap, her feet placed heel and toe on the carpet, her mouth in fixed repose according to rule, every curve banished from the straight lines of her figure, I know that the fear of her disapproval would produce a hoar frost around me in the room.

PENNY.

She Never Came Back.

She was a coy young woman and she looked decidedly pretty in her new summer costume when Guard White beheld her sitting on one of the divans in the art gallery yesterday afternoon. He gave her several of his most killing looks and she responded with the sweetest of smiles, and the heart of the young man in blue beat so hard that the kettle-drums in the Turkish village were not to be compared for sound. As he gazed into the young woman's limpid eyes the order of Col. Rice that all members of the Columbian guard must desist from flirting

PENNY.

was forgotten. As he walked proudly to and fro each turn brought him nearer to the smiling beauty and each time his manly bosom was thrilled by the smile she gave him.

This sort of thing went on for several minutes, when she arose, and as she swept into the vestibule, she cast him a sidelong glance which plainly said, "Follow me." The guard did so. By the side of one of the columns stood his charmer, and she extended a dainty hand, which sank out of view in his white glove. After a few minutes' conversation the girl asked for the time and Guard White gallantly pulled from his vest pocket the same gold watch he carried.

"Oh, it is half-past three," she cried, "and I must let mamma know the time. She sits right in there. Poor, dear thing, she is awfully deaf, and one has to scream to make her hear. Just let me take your watch a moment while I take it in and show it to her, and I will be right back."

It took the guard less than a second to unsnap the chain which held the timepiece and, handing it to the charmer, he watched her run into the gallery.

And then he waited for her return.

She never came back. *—Chicago Herald.*

Trying a New Plan.

A man wearing a short-cropped beard and a striped cutaway coat strolled into an office in the Erie County Savings Bank building in Buffalo, and looked around carelessly.

"Howdy!" he enquired of the office boy.

"Fair," replied the boy. "Whadju want?"

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

TELEPHONE 1708.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year..... \$8.00
Six Months..... 4.00
Three Months..... 3.00

Delivered in Toronto, 50c. per annum extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LTD.), Proprietary.

VOL. VI] TORONTO, JULY 15, 1893. [No. 34

"Saturday Night" Out of Town.

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A Curious Coincidence.

IT was a blazing hot summer afternoon, the lawn was green, silvered with gray dust, the flaring red geraniums gazed up with unabashed defiance at the golden sun, the sky was stone-blue with heat, the birds were utterly silent, every blind was drawn down in the Rectory house, every window shaded with closely fastened curtains. Far in the distance the lake and the sky met in a mist of torridity. Down at the end of the Rectory garden are four pine trees, set in a little square. They are fifty feet high now, but Millicent, sitting under their fragrant shadows, remembers when they were dapper little trees, when even she, small as she was, could see over their pointed topmost spears.

She is working industriously at some fanciful pattern in twine knots, and twists, and turns galore are growing as the sun rides lower to the west. It is not brain work, and Millicent's thoughts are roaming far from it. She thinks of distant lands, of sea shores, of mountain tops dazzling with virgin snow, of tropical woods festooned with strange plants, growing and living on air. Suddenly she shivers, a strong, convulsive shudder, and thinks no longer of nature, frigid or tropical. She looks round expectantly, and then after watching in an earnest, half-started way every possible avenue of approach to her bower, she smiles faintly, shakes her head, twists her shoulders about nervously, and rising, goes zig-zag from shade to shade into the darkened Rectory. All the way she is thinking of someone—someone far away, but very dear—dear in the wholesome friendly affection which is humanity's most noble feeling. She seems to see him, with mischievous eyes alight and lips breaking into smiles, and she smiles back at her heart-picture and wonders once more at the chill which made her shudder just now. It is three o'clock. The silver clock chimes through the darkened hall, and again she shudders, in quite involuntary fashion. She collects herself. "I will write to him," she says, and she opens her desk. His last letter lies on top of the contents, his funny, cheery, comical letter, detailing the foibles and fancies of a summer watering-place; not much endearing tone, not many fond words, for they are not lovers, only the truest friends you ever saw, each proud of the other, each expecting great things of the other, and so mutually helping, spurring, delighting one another. She reads his letter, half thinking of its contents, half thinking of him; she doesn't smile and she does not write.

The moments pass and once more she shudders. Now she becomes restless and nervous, and hurriedly closes desk and letter and runs downstairs singing, and overwhelms her quiet mother with a young girl's pretty chatter. It is just four o'clock.

II.

June and July at the seashore, how he has enjoyed them! Lying on the rocks, with half a dozen young women in summery attire perched round him, with a dozen children floundering in and out of the shallows under the shadow of the tall cliffs, he had dreamed many an afternoon away. "Wasting time?" do you say. No! for the grave-faced doctor who talked with him for half an hour had finished his talk with these words: "Only perfect rest can save your life." And over-worked, over-tired, over-ambitious as he was, the sea-side lounger knew the doctor spoke the truth. The delicious salt breeze played over the dancing waves. Here it was cool and shady: there diamonds, emeralds and opals rolled in the sun-shine: here was quiet and drowsy rest: there motion, life, mystery. The girls strayed away and left him, the children followed—all but one little maid who had adopted him into her enthusiastic child-heart and worshipped him. She sat seriously watching him as he drifted into sleep, her child-soul wrapped in God knows what of dreams and fancies. Then she sauntered down the beach to the fringe of bubbles that marked the reach of the last wave. On she stepped, and with her little white feet in the water she turned back for another look at her idol. A great wave came boisterously, a shrill cry clef the air—another! The sleeper sprang to his feet. The child was gone! The little, quiet, tender, loving girl-child whose warm little hands had but now smoothed his hair and lain soft and moist in his. Suddenly a gleam of white, a glimmer of wet, gold curl shone on the crest of a wave. With a hoarse cry he dashed into the sea and swam out to that gleam and glitter. He caught her floating curl as she drifted, and struggled back to shore. When she smiled back into his white face something seemed to rise in his throat and strangle him; he strained her to his heart, and then he suddenly sank on his knees. Something really choked him, something warm, cruel, red! The child burst into terrified

shrieks; the girls came running back; the children rushed for help; the great hotel clock chimed three! Men and women with sorrowful, tender words came; a mother came and kissed his hands and blessed him; a tall father snatched the little maid to his breast and ran home with her, screaming and dripping; a doctor, a holidaying hospital-nurse, four servants with a venetian shutter and a cot mattress, from far and near they came, for he was well loved.

They got him to the wide-piazzed hotel, between dry, warm blankets; they hovered round his doorway, awed and sorrowing. Meanwhile he lay with merry eyes closed, with laughing lips pale. Once he motioned, for he dared not speak, and the hospital nurse divined, and handed him a card and a pencil. He wrote a few words, she enclosed the card in an envelope, and he scrawled thereon, "Millicent May, The Rectory, Mayfield." The hotel clock pointed to four o'clock. Suddenly he opened his eyes wide, raised his hand and said strongly, "Millicent, good-bye." The hotel clock struck four.

And when the postman handed the envelope to Millicent she grew white, and as she read it she whispered, "Yes, dear, I knew, I knew!" G. E. D.

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde's Prize Fight.

NEVERYONE has a hobby. Often it absorbs the whole energy of its victim, who is then called a genius or a crank, according to his popularity; but frequently hobbies are secondary in importance and have for their chief aim amusement.

A few years ago I read *The Curious Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, and have since often entertained myself by collecting illustrations of the general principle contained therein—the struggle between the spiritual and the animal of our nature. Many of these contests are more comic than tragic, especially the one I am about to relate. Since this incident occurred I have lost interest in the subject, thinking I could hope for no better illustration of my hobby, nor indeed another as good.

It was the day after the great Sullivan-Corbett fight. Mail-time had arrived in the little town where I was then living, and the main streets were filled with groups of three or four, eagerly reading the account of the "mill."

Society for the time was divided into two classes, those who won their bets and those who lost them. "The submerged tenth" was represented by those who didn't bet and wished they had, ridiculed by the winners and despised by the losers on the principle that "Twas better to have bet and lost than never to have started ears again:

"Marthy, is the preacher gone yet?" called the farmer's voice from the regions of the back door.

"No, father," was Marthy's reply, given with some trepidation lest her father should appear on the scene in his old working clothes and spoil the effect of her own pretty wrapper.

No such evil befell her, however, and for ten minutes or so the chat went merrily on, when suddenly the farmer's voice broke on their startled ears again:

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Marthy's pretty lips were just framing the monosyllable "No," when a whispered "Say yes" from the preacher, who scented some fun, prevailed against her better judgment, and she answered "Yes, father."

"Well," answered the farmer in a very grumbly tone, "I'm thankful to hear it. Did you ever in all your born days see a man eat so much butter as he did, and it so dear, too? If he'd been here another meal he'd have eaten us out of house and home."

MARGUERITE.

A Mannish Woman Rebuked.

THERE is an amazing story told of one of those persons who think it *au fait* to propound the theory of pre-existence in public places.

The scene of the incident was in the commercial room of a Scotch inn, and the time, dinner-time. The first couple of courses had been disposed of and the party were settled down to the serious part of the meal, when the "Lady Commercial," who had been allotted the lower end of the table, being the only lady present, propounded her theory. She was of that style of women classed usually as the "mannish woman," a class not at all liked by the commercial class of men, who enjoy so little home life that they appreciate, perhaps more than any other class of men, the "womanly woman." She put her thought in this way:

"Gentlemen," she said, "I am convinced in my own mind that I have been through this world before," and was going on to elaborate her opinions and beliefs as to how her last trip through the world influenced her in the present one, when she was interrupted by a quiet little Englishman:

"I beg your pardon madam," he said, "but do you not think that when you traveled this earth before you were a man?"

And the question pleased his male hearers so well that they had to make more than necessary noise with their knives and forks to drown their chuckles. H. A. B.

Wanted—A Human Refrigerator.

IDO not mean a square, dark receptacle lined with tin, in which milk and other perishable materials are treated with a distinction not yet accorded to the vital spark. Why does no one invent a place

where we could be put on ice and allowed to freeze fully until the world is ready for us again? But my human refrigerator has left my side, and now that we are experiencing the cold summer which was to follow the cold winter, her fate causes me much pain.

She belongs to that small but invaluable class of the community from whom blows a perpetual cold gale of propriety upon the rest of the world. Early in our acquaintance I recognized her value as a refrigerator, and the frigidity of her less side corrected the exuberant temperature of several summers.

If you meet her you cannot fail to recognize the calm eyes never heated by anger or delight, the precise features where no faint hue of passion ever lingers. She is so proper that no one who earns a living can conceive of her, so proper that she has long since ceased to have any age—just a vague change like the mountains. She wears gloves on the warmest days and couldn't exist with anything so shockingly improper as avoridopolis. The only place where she is thoroughly happy is by herself, and even there her feelings are wounded by the dust carried in from the outside world.

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Trying a New Plan.

A man wearing a short-cropped beard and a striped cutaway coat strolled into an office in the Erie County Savings Bank building in Buffalo, and looked around carelessly.

"Howdy!" he enquired of the office boy.

"Fair," replied the boy. "Whadju want?"

"Where's the boss?"

"That's him," said the boy, pointing to an inner room, where a man was at work at a desk.

The bewhiskered man walked in. He pulled a chair up beside the desk and sat down. The man at the desk looked up in surprise. "What do you want?" he asked coldly.

"Oh," said the bewhiskered man, "I just dropped in to talk to you a few minutes. Quite an office you've got here."

"Yes," replied the man at the desk, "but—

"Kinder sloppy lookin' furniture, though."

Between You and Me.

LAST Saturday I went over on the early boat to Queenston and took the electric car for Chippawa, just as hundreds of people have been doing every day since the road was completed. Not exactly in the same spirit though, nor with the same end in view. The others mostly went to see Niagara and the Whirlpool. I went to ask a question of that most genial and kindly author, Mr. Walter Besant, whom I knew I should find enjoying the view from the balcony of the Clifton House. But the going was a lovely experience! The alarm clock kept me awake all night, and I was down at the boat at half-past six. Then the lake was like a glassy mirror, and the Fates sent me three congenial traveling companions—husby, wife and sister, whom I liked well enough to inflict myself upon without a qualm. There wasn't a crowd, and none of the passengers struck my notice but a little party of Christian Endeavorers. The reason I thought they were such was that they carried large bibles in black silk hand-bags. They carried clean cuffs between the leaves of their bibles, which seemed a little off-color to me, but agreed with the cuffs. The Electric Railway is emphatically a large scheme and one which works marvelously well; it is quite worth the trouble of "getting up all night" and having a headache to take a ride on it. And the view one gets here, there and everywhere is simply magnificent. I hope you'll all go, good people, and have such a pleasant ride as I had. We went straight through to Chippawa and had our dinner at the hotel, a de-lightsome Dutch place, with a funny little green grass plot, set out with chairs, showered with dust, and into which you hopped over an iron chain. The beds are built in the regular German style, mounds of feathers, and the quaint furnishings of the rooms are scrupulously and charmingly clean. The air of the "gast-himmer" is bottled up from last year; one breath of it would do you for a fortnight. We had a real cholera dinner; half a dozen kinds of vegetables, and green apple pie, made in the most reckless manner, of tiny green apples. It was all lovely when one breakfasted ages ago! I did not know there were German settlers at Chippawa, but the only two inhabitants we met were sons of the Vaterland, a very old watchmaker, silver-haired, and garrulous over the boom which the railroad would confer upon the drowsy little terminus, and the good landlord, who asks two dollars a day for the privileges of the feather beds, the green "garten" and the cholera menu. Quite a little coterie of Toronto folk are spending the summer in the neighborhood.

Do you talk slang? If so, read Brander Matthews' talk on the matter in July *Harper's Monthly*. There you will find that you may "fire out" your late-staying visitor, and you won't be slangy, for here is a line from Shakespeare which authorizes you: "Till my good angel fires my bad one out." Also, you will be excused if you exactly express in slang some forcible idea, or describe some happening or scene. Slang, says this clever writer, is necessary to invigorate the language, to supplement words which have become feeble through much hard usage, to, as it were, keep our language in line with our advancing ideas and achievements. The war, the market, the exchange, the wonders of transportation, the winds and the tides bring each their quota of new expressive idioms and words. Who that listens to the talk of the streets could help a smile when he was informed that the "jag" exhibits at the Chicago Fair were in the west gallery of the Agricultural Building? (Perhaps you don't know, dear reader, that there are to be found the brewers' and distillers' best samples). How many times this year have pretty women remarked that a ladies' tea was a "hen party," and the male man's contemptuous description of some plump Dorcas workers as "old hens" is to be met with in all its force every now and then. "Bounce" is the gentle mood of "fire out," and has as ancient an origin, but from the impossible pugilist must come the description of the modern clerk's modern reprimand when he announces himself as "jumped on;" perhaps, if he had a very serious time, he says he was so treated "with both feet."

By the way, a friend informs me that the captain of the Viking ship was rather victimized in the *contretemps* I alluded to last week, that he and his men were assisting "the under dog" in a street row when the sergeant took them in charge, and that their incarceration was an outrage. I see a good many complications are flying about the columns of exchanges to the gallant crew and their fine commander, and therefore I hope my friend has now given me the right end of the story of their arrest.

My attention has been directed to a matter at once urgent and disagreeable. I wonder do the mothers who send their little children to play in the Horticultural Gardens know that this pretty spot is frequented by some abominable young men, human brutes who cannot be trusted among humanity. I know, without any doubt, that such creatures persecute the knowing little nurse-girls who are in charge of these little children, that they suggest deception of their employers and pollute their minds with every manner of evil. Only a day or two since a young girl of sixteen in charge of a little baby was impounded by such a man to pass him off to her mistress as her brother and to ask leave to go out with him that evening. Fortunately the father of the infant happened to be passing and overheard the tempter and routed him in short order. The police say they cannot interfere unless a girl complains to them, but many girls are afraid to accost a policeman. Could not our brave bobbies (who can size up a tough much more accurately than you or I could) keep sharp eye on such men as the offender above mentioned, and if he were observed talking with the maids and children, warn him and frighten him away? It is rather a shocking thing that the pure little ones and their caretakers should be polluted by contact with that vilest of all the male creation, the vulture who feeds upon the young and presumably innocent girls of Toronto.

LADY GAY.

Capture of the Koh-i-nur.

TOLD BY ONE OF THE RANK AND FILE.

Written for Saturday Night by R. M.

On the line of the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway, Vancouver Island, midway between Victoria and Nanaimo, is situated the picturesque little hamlet of Duncan Station, one of the few openings chopped out of the primeval forest in the seventy-five miles of dreary wilderness traversed by the road. Besides the railway station, a hotel, blacksmith's shop, implement warehouse, a couple of stores and a few scattered residences, environed by a background of dense forest, present to the eye of the traveler the only apparent evidences of advancing civilization. Although "Duncan's," as it is familiarly called, is the central depot for the famed Cowichan district, designated the garden of Vancouver Island, yet the only indication in support thereof in the immediate vicinity are a few clearings of no considerable extent. Twenty-five miles to the west lies Cowichan Lake, an extensive sheet of water, the noted resort of pilgrim nimrods from near and far, where, in season, good sport is assured to rod or rifle. To the north of the hamlet the railway crosses what in spring is a broad, turbulent stream of no diminutive width and volume, reduced in summer to the confines of a babbling brook. skirted by this stream and in view of the station, occupying a broad stretch of bottom land, nestles the unpretentious home of one of England's war-worn warriors, Mr. P. Hennessey, who for the past seventeen years has battled against the wilds of nature and now proudly points to the eighty acres of reclaimed forest land in evidence of the muscle of his own strong right arm. Here, like the old Roman Cincinnatus, the "old sojer" in soliloquy smokes the pipe of peace "beneath his own vine and fig tree."

Chance threw us in the neighborhood of Duncan's last season, and having promised Mr. Hennessey, if fate ever brought us to his vicinity, to call on him and have a chat and a smoke of the pipe together, in fulfillment thereof one hot August afternoon found us making for the retreat of the old warrior. As we approached the domicile, notwithstanding the extreme heat of the afternoon the owner was observed vigorously wielding a hoe in his well cultivated garden, and halting the busy toiler in a manner best calculated to attract his attention, we shouted:

"Guard, turn out!"

The stooped figure straightened, looking towards us, and a smile of recognition beamed on the sun-bronzed countenance, becoming as rigid and solid as if on parade on the command: "Fifty-third, attention! Present arms!" The hoe was brought to the "shoulder," then to the "present." The tall form, though weighted nearly with the allotted three score and ten, was as straight and as upright as when "old brown Bess" and the old-time knapsack were borne instead of the years, and so remained till "dismissed," according to the formula of the by-gone manual of arms. A beautiful exhibition of that same thing, which may be almost termed instinct, begotten only of early military training, Mr. Hennessey, though now in his eighty-seventh year, is in person as straight and as upright as the day he charged and drove the fierce Sikhs from Mooltan forty-three years ago! A strict teetotaler of many years, standing, though an inveterate votary of the consoling weed, the "old sojer" enjoys magnificent health, along with a well earned pension from the Imperial Government, and presents in every feature, even in old age, a splendid specimen of one of the rank and file, which, alas, appears to have been mustered out of the service with "old brown Bess," a specimen of the race which composed the rank and file that hurled four times their number of the heroes of Essling, Austerlitz and Wagram from the rocky heights of Busaco; stayed the eagle in its victorious flight at Barrosa and stood triumphant on the bloody heights of Albuera.

As anticipated, a cordial welcome from the "old sojer" greeted us and a plenitude of cool, fresh milk preceded our adjournment to beneath the friendly shade of a spreading Vancouver Island pine, when the "old sojer" shouldered his pipe for want of a crutch and showed how fields were won.

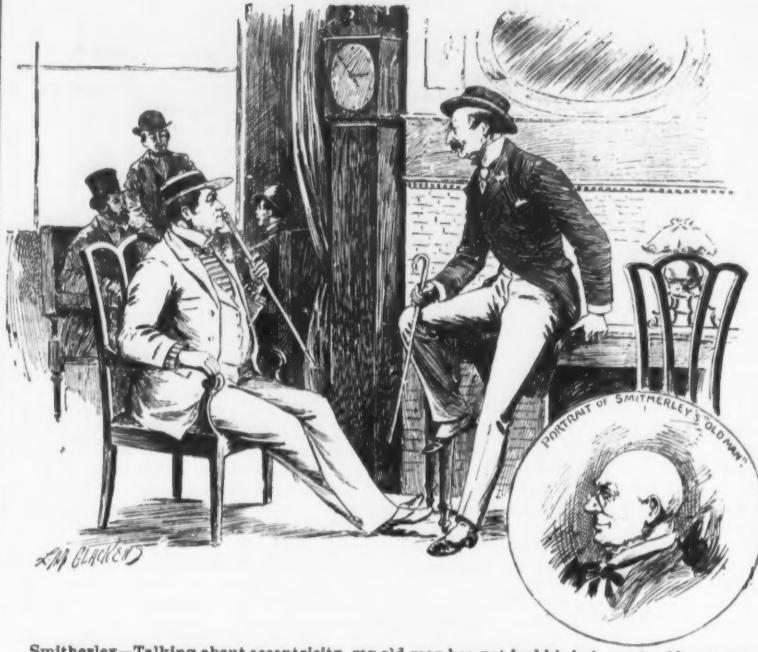
"You're always humbugging me entirely," he commenced in a strong Tipperary accent, "when I see ye about. The 53rd, the dirty crew, Lost their feelings at Waterloo.

"Now, let me tell ye, be their facings red, blue, green or black, they war always a good fighting corps, the honors on the colors'll tell ye that, and what's more, they gave to the Queen the brightest and biggest gem in her crown—the Koh-i-noor, no less—it's itself the boy can tell ye all about it. We'll have a shaugh o' the diadem to keep ye from going a-slaap, and perhaps ye'll find something in it worth listening to."

"In the year '45—the dear summer as it's called in the old sod—I was as strong, healthy, civil-may-care a goossoon as any you'd find at the time, tho' it's meself's saying it, in the three broad parishes roun' the good town of Clonmel. Could howld me own at football, wrastling, wake or fair, patern or funeral, dance, weddin', christening or hurling match. Shure burlin's what them omadhaws down at Victoria call polo whin 'tis nothing but hurling a horse back and by the same token could handle a kippen of a blackthorn wid the best o' them. The failures and mistakes of Gough in the first Sikh war '45-6 brought to mind of the authorities at Horse Guards the saying of Charlie Napier at the battle of Mecane when he defeated 30,000 Belooches with 1,600 Saypoys and a handful of European troops.

"My God," said he 'if I only had a thousand o' the gallant boys o' Tipperary what a divil o' a licking I'd give 'em. Faith it's the thruth I'm telling ye, ye'll see them selfsame words in his book, and besides I had 'em meself from Mickey Doyle o' the company's service, as was bugler to him that day and was listening to every word the general said. And so the fifes and drum was started out to gather in the boys o' Tipperary to go and fight the Sikhs. I listed, tuck the shilling, hoisted the ribbons,

At the Club.



Smithersley—Talking about eccentricity, my old man has not had his hair cut for fifteen years. Nostrand—Great Jehoshaphat! he must be a sight. Smithersley—Oh, no; nothing extraordinary.

and ceremoniy. We left behind at Lahore

about two hundred and fifty sick and invalids of ours, and kease ours had the honor of finding it, the Koh-i-noor on a velvet and gold cushion was brought out on to the parade where the garrison war assembled and laid down in the middle of the hollow square formed by the throng amidst the thunder of a royal salute. Be Sir Colins' orders every man jack of ours prisint in garrison, sick or well, filed past the big diamond while the bands played as they took a last look at the 'mountain o' light' before it war packed up to be sent off under a strong escort.

"Och, me jewel, bedad them war the times. If I was as wise as I'm now I might be the wealthiest bughagh in Canady to-day, for the good war to be had for the picking up. Talk o' the buccaneers and the sacking o' Panama! Cortze and Montezuma! Whew! they couldn't howld a farden rush-light to Mooltan!"

He Was Hopeful.

It was on a New York ferry boat. A middle-aged man sat reading his newspaper, when an old man who had been walking up and down with a bulging big satchel knocking against his leg at every step, stopped before him and asked:

"Is that to-day's paper you are readin'?"

"I don't read papers two or three days old as a rule," was the rather uncivil reply.

"Don't, eh? I've known folks to read the Bible, which is considerably more'n two or three days old! However, I wanted to ask if there was any news from around Schoharie? My home's up thar, and I've been down to Tuckerton to visit my sister."

"I haven't seen any," was the reply.

"If anything had happened it would be in the papers, wouldn't it?"

"Possibly. Why don't you get one and see?"

"Cause I hev to wear glasses, and yesterday I lost the right eye outer my spectacles. An all-fired good pair they was, too. I wouldn't hav taken six shillin's fur 'em. The children was a playin' with 'em while I was takin' a nap, and I guess they punched the eye out and lost it in the door-yard. Nuthin' from Schoharie, eh?"

"I don't see anything. Did you expect anything to happen?"

"Waal, you can't allus tell what'll happen when you're gone, you know. One of the cows was actin' sorter queer when I left, and I shouldn't be surprised if it turned out to be a case of holler-horn. Bill was goin' to begin breakin' a colt next day after I left, and that's no knowin' but what he might hev got kicked. Mebbe that's a pictur' of Bill as he looked afore he was kicked!"

"No! that's a picture of Uncle Sam."

"Oh! I see! Looks a good deal like Bill, as nigh as I kin make out. Hain't bin no cyclones up my way!"

"No."

"Lightnin' hain't struck anybody or anything!"

"No."

"Say anything about tramps comin' along

and burnin' any barns?"

"Not a word."

"Jest afore I come away a nabor o' mine named Taylor bought an old biler and engine to saw wood with. Don't see anything about a biler exploding and killin' a lot o' folks, do you?"

"Nothing. I think you'll find everything all right at home."

"Waal, I hope so, but I dunno. I've bin gone a hull week, you know. When I left home the old woman was mad, Sarah was threatenin' to run away, and Sam and Bill was havin' a fight in the barnyard. Mebbe things is all right, but I sha'n't git over sweatin' out my collars and feelin' weak in the knees till I walk in on 'em. Much obliged to you, stranger. Mebbe my prayers hev bin answered and everything is all right, though Sarah's red-headed and I'm a little shaky on her."—Detroit Free Press.

A Farmer, but No Jay.

A certain baker in business in a small town in Normandy obtained his supply of butter from a farmer in the neighborhood. One day he discovered that the pats, which were supposed to weigh three pounds each, were not up to the standard, and further examination revealed a steady diminution in the daily provision. At last the baker lodged a formal complaint against the farmer, and the affair was brought before the local court.

"Have you scales?" enquired the magistrate.

"Yes, Monsieur le Juge," was the reply.

"And have you any weights?" continued the judge. An answer this time in the negative was promptly given.

"But how did you manage to weigh your butter?" asked the magistrate.

Then the farmer related that ever since the baker had taken his butter he had returned the compliment by buying his bread. The baker supplied him with three pound loaves, and he had used them as weights for his butter. "It is his fault, not mine, if the weight is not correct," added the farmer, who was speedily acquitted and left the court in triumph with an escort of friends and admirers. Since this trial the farmer is said to have been supplied with more than his due provision of bread; but he has taken good care not to fall into the opposite error, and the baker has now his three-pound pats of butter, full weight, but not an ounce more.—London Telegraph.

An Anchor to Windward.

"Going to the World's Fair, of course?"

"Yes;—self-protection."

"How so?"

"To stave off the fellows who will want to tell me all about it for the rest of my natural life."

A Pulverized Rule.

The Janitor (crustily)—You can read, can't yer?

Flat hunter—Certainly I can.

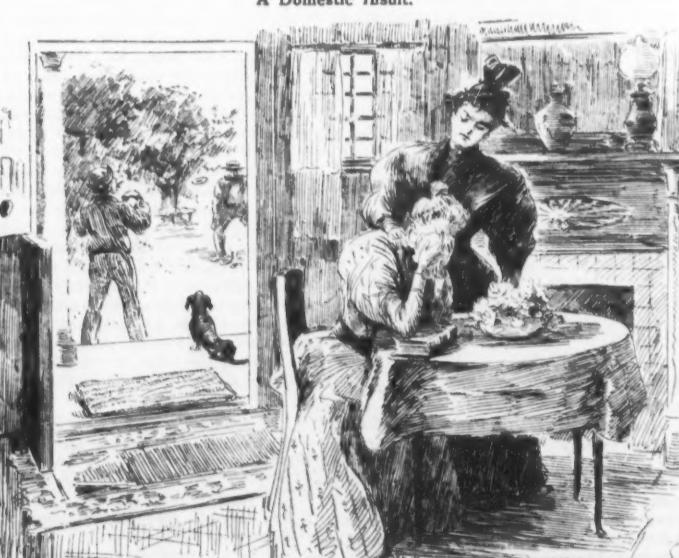
The Janitor—Well, glue yer eyes on that sign.

The Head from the Door—Mr. Sweeps!

The Janitor—What is it?

The Head from the Door—The doctor sends his congratulations and says it's a boy, sir.

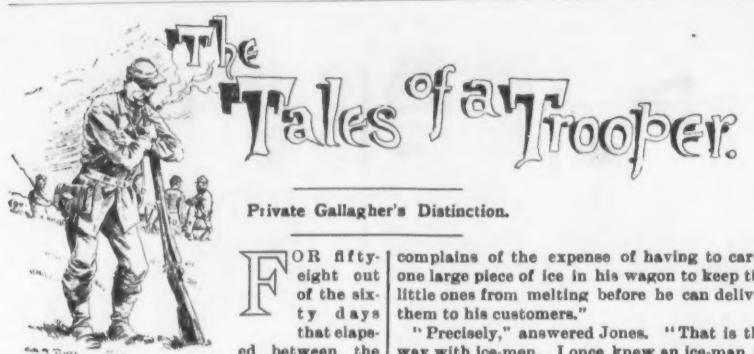
A Domestic Insult.



Mrs. Newlywed—I shall go home to mother this very day!

Visitor—Why, what's the matter, dear?

Mrs. Newlywed—I made a batch of doughnuts this morning, and George is out there pitchin' quoits with them.



Private Gallagher's Distinction.

FOR fifty-eight out of the sixty days that elapsed between the post, Private Gallagher was the best soldier in the command. When he marched on guard it was ten to one that he would be selected as "orderly for the commanding officer," an honor always given to the smartest soldier on guard. The sleeve of his dress-coat was a mass of service and war chevrons; on his breast he wore the sharpshooter's cross with two bars, and the Congressional medal of honor, won by his cool valor many years before in Arizona, when, finding himself cut off with a wounded captain and four cartridges by three Chiricahua Apaches, he shot the three dead before they could pull a trigger. Service and war chevrons he had galore, but his sleeve was bare of the non-commissioned officer's stripes, and the reason of it lay in the occurrences of the two eventful days of the above-mentioned sixty. The ink of his signature on the pay-rolls was not dry before Private Gallagher was on his way to the adjacent town, there to exchange the crisp bills of the paymaster for the vile whisky of the "Bucking Broncho" saloon. That night at check-rolls Gallagher was reported absent, and again at reveille, and next morning when the patrol sent after him marched into the post, the smart soldier of the day before would never be recognized in the battered and inert form that was carried into the guard-house.

Remonstrance and reprimand had first been tried by all the officers, from the Colonel down to the last graduate from the Point. Then the wheels of military justice were set to grinding, and again and again Private Gallagher stood up before garrison or summary courts martial to plead "Guilty, sir," to the charge that, in the soldier's code, covers a multitude of sins, "conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline." At last the Colonel's patience gave out. One morning when, after a pay-day spree, Gallagher, looking as spruce and soldierly as if he had never seen the inside of a guard-house, knocked at the door of the Colonel's office and announced, "Private Gallagher reports as commanding officer's orderly, sir," he was told that the next offence would bring him before a general court-martial. Now a general court martial for a soldier with Gallagher's record of "previous trials and convictions" meant nothing less than dishonorable discharge from the army.

One afternoon, as the paymaster's ambulance and escort were disappearing down the road in a cloud of dust on their way to the railway station, Lieutenant Barker, the senior lieutenant of Gallagher's company, was hurrying towards the barracks for the daily drill, wondering how many men would be suffering from that tired feeling, the bacilli of which seemed to be generated in the air by the mere presence of an officer of the pay corps at the post. For the first few moments of the drill Barker noticed nothing unusual, save a smile of far-off beatific content on Private Gallagher's face, and an inclination, hastily corrected, to execute "four's right" at the command "Four's left!" These vagaries the lieutenant was disposed to overlook, not wishing to be the means of bringing the old soldier before the general court with which the Colonel had threatened him. But matters grew worse as the drill went on. Finally, when Gallagher began to show a contempt for the interval between files of the new drill regulations, and his preference for the old "shoulder to shoulder" formation by leaning heavily against his neighbors in ranks, the lieutenant lost his patience and exclaimed: "Sergeant Murphy, take Gallagher behind the barracks and drill him there by himself!"

At the end of a half-hour Barker brought his company to a "rest," and proceeded to the barracks to see what success Sergeant Murphy and Gallagher were having with their evolutions *a deux*. The picture that met his eye was not encouraging. The sergeant had evidently given the thing up in despair, while Gallagher was sitting upon the steps of the porch, his head between his hands, in an attitude of complete collapse.

"Well, Gallagher," enquired the lieutenant, "what's the matter with you now?"

"Ol'm sick, sir," replied Gallagher, screwing up his face into an expression of mortal agony.

"That story will hardly do," said Barker. "You're not sick; you're drunk."

"Indade, Lieutenant, Ol'm not dhruhk, sir."

"But I see plainly that you are, Gallagher."

For a moment the old soldier knifed his brow in an apparent struggle to give fit expression to a great truth that was stirring in his brain; then, in a triumphant voice he exclaimed, "No, Lieutenant, Ol'm not dhruhk; Ol may be lyin', but Ol'm not dhruhk."

And Private Gallagher was never tried by general court-martial, for Lieutenant Barker is still trying to fathom the full meaning of Private Gallagher's distinction. — *Harper's Weekly*.

The Adventures of Jones

VI.—THE FRESH BEAR CO.

A gloom seemed to rest upon the usually genial party gathered around the table. Even the viracious Jackson Peters was somewhat downcast, especially after Jones thwarted him in his attempt to tell of a St. Louis man he had just heard of who recently took first prize in a homing pigeon match by inserting a small rubber tube in the throat of his bird and infesting him with hydrogen gas. Jones indignantly denounced the story as improbable. After this, silence settled down upon the group for some time; but when the waiter withdrew, Jones casually observed, "I see the usual summer trouble with the ice men has begun."

"Yes," Robinson returned. "My ice-man

One Way of Announcing It
Mrs. Gagan—It's the foine, dacent, quiet boy Murty Floogan is, an' it night broke th' heart av him t' foind his father full at Minchy's laish night.
Mrs. Horrity—Did any wan like fale it?
Mrs. Gagan—Yis; th' oald man. He died this mornin'.

The Exact Facts.
Lawyer—You think, then, that your assailant attacked you with malice prepense?
Client—I dunno, sah—he might' er had one o' dem kind o' mallets; but de principal thing he used war a razzor, sah!

Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or post cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

ZITTA—I should like to hear how and where you are. Let me know if you go to New York.

VIOLINS—You are only a child but you will make a sweet woman some day; present your writing lacks character and wouldn't bear delineation.

MARIANNE—You struck the vacation season precisely. You are energetic, clever, hopeful, rather vivacious, warm-hearted, imaginative, refined and independent in thought, amiable, a little ambitious, and an attractive creature generally.

CINDARIA—You are prudent, resolute and rather matter-of-fact, have good judgment, tenacity of purpose, some energy and a good deal of refinement; you are hopeful but not markedly vivacious, and you are also honest, truthful and anxious for perfection.

DIANA—This is a rather thoughtful, self-contained person, honest and truthful, gentle-tempered and adaptable, sometimes careless; and very often, some humor and a frank, constant and well directed will are shown. The writer is not markedly original.

MYRA—You are tenacious, a little prone to suspicion, of calm and enduring effort and warm affection, slightly idealistic, sometimes sharp in temper, fond of society and careful of details. You are fully endowed with energy for all the plans you can make, and are conscientious.

LADY CORISANDA—I have seen read Comingay, Tancred, Sybil, and Vivian Grey? I am quite of your way of thinking. Your writing shows sympathy, refinement, tact, love of beauty, adaptability, good temper and vivacity, affection is strong, care and method good and hope plain. A very pretty and attractive study, my lady!

OLIVE ISLAND—This is a bright and decidedly clever person, idealistic, and while self-controlled and discreet, capable of very deep affection. Love of comfort, candor and self-respect are shown; method is deliberate and a little studied, and there is some lack of snap; a person to be relied upon, constant, rather quiet in manner and able to adapt himself to almost any circumstances.

SHARPS—Your writing is more marked by a wide and uncontrolled imagination than by conceit, pure and simple. This imagination may confer on yourself various imaginary traits. It works that way when joined to emotion. You are strong in will and purpose, very variable in temperament, obstinate in certain matters, and somewhat prejudiced. You are hasty and not always very discreet, very active, alert and bright in manner, apt to idealize and very impulsive of control. A sort of moral and mental cyclone, I should say, tending generally in a hopeful and ambitious direction.

DINERA MUNROW.—1. It is the safest plan not to draw any conclusions from the young man's attentions. If he fond of you, he'll tell you about it, never fear. In the meantime enjoy the good things and don't make any theories as to the state of his affections. It is not sensible nor dignified. 2. I should not judge you to be disagreeable. 3. I think the name you mention very pretty. 4. Your writing is rather commonplace. It shows self-assertion and a little artificiality, but has many good points; candor, prudence, honesty and rather fair judgment among them. You are a good young person, not vivacious nor markedly clever, but rather a nice girl.

VOLT-AMPERE.—1. I never throw a letter aside unless it is hopelessly vulgar or impertinent, or does not comply with the rules. Sometimes I delineate very silly matter for the sake of the graphological aspect, which shows that the writer isn't such a fool as he would have me think. 2. Your study shows a persistent, determined and slightly self-willed mind, a little anxious for effect, amply energetic, given to weight and consider matters, with some sense of humor, a rather gentle and persuasive method, cautious, and rather resolute, somewhat alive to artistic influences, and a decidedly self-respecting character. You can get your own way without bluster, I think; on looking over your characteristics, perhaps you can answer your own question.

DON JOHN.—1. You are a good deal taken up with yourself as all events. That may settle your questions broadly. 2. Your writing shows lack of will, a tendency to look on the gray side, a desire for effect, capacity for affection but much egotism, love of soft corners, and a discreet but not reserved nature, facility, liking for pretty things, great care for details, method and some self-will. A bachelor or a married man might suffer from any or all of these traits, I fancy. 3. I think you have too much sense to vote for the Scott Act and not enough to be a "bold old bachelor." That last role calls for a good supply. 4. You take narrow views and are incapable of the reverential attitude. You don't agree with me, in a graphological way, doctor. We could enjoy a laugh together, if it was at somebody else's expense.

Canada at the World's Fair.

CORTICELLI SILK CO.'S EXHIBIT.

What the Nonotuck Silk Co. did not obtain in the American silk section in Manufacturers building, the Corticelli Silk Mills, St. John's, Quebec, their branch in Canada, own in the Canadian section. That is a position and space appropriate to the importance of the exhibit.

In the Canadian section in the great Manufacturers building the Corticelli Silk Mills' exhibit has been assigned one of the choicest positions, fronting on Columbia avenue, the grand central aisle running north and south. The location is the most desirable and central, and any exhibit at such a point cannot fail to be noted by every visitor to the building.

With the assistance of Robt. L. Hare, son of R. W. Hare, Chicago manager for the Nonotuck Silk Co., in this city, visitors are daily instructed in all the interesting matters relating to the production of raw silk, the processes of transformation into many varieties of silk thread and the many uses to which it can be applied. To the majority of World's Fair visitors the insight given is a revelation. Illustrated as it is by specimens of worms, cocoons, thrown and spun silk, it is an instructive and highly interesting lesson; further illustrated by an exhibition of the actual processes of "boiling" and "reeling" the cocoons it becomes fascinating, and at all times attracts a large crowd.

A staff of ladies show the possibilities in the use of the Corticelli knitting and crochet silks, Corticelli embroidery silks, Corticelli wash silks, purse twist, knitting and crochet silk and the other numerous varieties of silk manufactured by the firm. Many beautiful specimens of men's neckwear made from Corticelli knitting silk are shown. The silk is also adapted for knitting fine hosiery and such articles, as well. It is manufactured from the highest grade of selected raw silk and is guaranteed to be strictly fast in color. The process of making Corticelli drawn work is one of the most interesting things shown. Many beautiful examples of this work done on linen canvas with Corticelli wash silk in size EE are among the exhibits.

In addition to the home grown silk which is

A Gentleman

Who formerly resided in Connecticut, but who now resides in Honolulu, writes: "For 20 years past, my wife and I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor, and we attribute to it the dark hair which she and I now have, while hundreds of our acquaintances, ten or a dozen years younger than we, are either gray-headed, white, or bald. When asked how our hair has retained its color and fullness, we reply, 'By the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor—nothing else.'"

"In 1868, my fiancée was nearly bald, and the hair kept falling out every day. I induced her to use Ayer's Hair Vigor, and very soon, it not only checked any further loss of hair, but produced an entirely new growth, which has remained luxuriant and glossy to this day. I can recommend this preparation to all in need of a genuine hair-restorer. It is all that it is claimed to be." —Antonio Alarun, Bastrop, Tex.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

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and
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for
yourself
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are the best
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Of all Grades in Barrels and half Barrels.

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only raised by the firm for exhibition purposes, specimens of Japanese, Chinese and Italian silk of various kinds are shown. These are divided according to their different species, and are in themselves an interesting study.

Possessed of such features to attract in a place where so many attractions exist, it is no wonder that the Corticelli Silk Mills' exhibit is always surrounded by a delighted group.

The exhibit in question was set up under the direction of Mr. W. H. Wyman, manager of the St. John's factory.—Chicago Dry Goods Reporter.

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Music.

THE learned musical scribe, Analysis, of a local weekly, lashes himself into an amazing fury at what he terms the "ever-increasing popularity of the German school" of music in America. Having tearfully delivered himself of half a column of long-suppressed wrath on this topic, he resigns himself with sublime and martylike innocence to the "storm of abuse" which he feels certain will be launched against him by such of his readers as have committed the sin of studying in that much despised country, Germany. Now all this is very funny, and I much misjudge the feeling of local musicians who have enjoyed the inestimable privilege of study in that most musical of countries, if the article in question inspires other than mingled feelings of amusement at the deplorable ignorance of the writer mentioned, and regret that any local critic should have been permitted by his friends to make himself so ridiculous. The trouble with our excited friend and those worthies whose sentiments he echoes in this awful onslaught on Germany and everything emanating from it, seems to be a severe and unusually persistent attack of sour grapes.

At any other season of the year the mantle of charity would be raised over the rash statements made by Analysis in his heavy effort to handle the above subject. His conclusions are so entertaining, however, that we give space to some of the most startling of them. We are informed, for instance, that few English students go to Germany, and that the United States and Canada furnish the main support of the Leipzig Conservatory. Orchestral music in Germany is also described as on the same level as our "local" efforts, etc., (this sounds familiar, by the way), and Analysis makes some original claims as to the great superiority of English over German musical institutions. Growing-somewhat venturesome, he expresses the opinion that music in Germany is a pure matter of commerce, and that as compared with our own England the Fatherland is remarkable, as he puts it, for "superficialness" and lack of "solidity" in its musical culture. Shades of Bach, Beethoven, Wagner and Brahms!

I very much fear that the tears of Analysis and his fellow-sufferers will not avail against the onward march of true musical sentiment such as has been inspired among Canadian musicians who have studied in Germany. It is really too bad that those who have spent years under the greatest German masters should decline, upon returning to their native land, to follow in the footsteps of local nobodies whose only claim to musicianship consists of "experience" gained on crude soil which urgently requires the artistic cultivation of musicians specially qualified for their work. Germany may or may not survive Analysis' learned utterances, but so far as students who have studied in that country are concerned they must realize that their doom is sealed; like Ichabod, "their glory hath departed."

The opening of the new Massey Music Hall in May next is to be marked by a festival of music embracing five or six concerts. The choral works to be presented are Handel's popular oratorio Messiah, Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise, and Mr. Arthur E. Fisher's Wreck of the Hesperus re-scored for a chorus of mixed voices, with probably orchestral accompaniment. Mr. Massey has given the conductorship of this series of events to Mr. F. H. Torrington. Mr. D. E. Cameron, to whose energy and tact many of our greatest local successes are due, has been entrusted with the responsible position of managing secretary of the festival. This fact, combined with the popular character of the work to be undertaken, should ensure the success of the enterprise.

Eighteen performances of grand opera were given at the Grand Opera, Paris, during May, ten of which were of Wagner's works. The Wagner performances averaged nightly receipts of 19,780 francs, the others averaging 16,085 francs. And yet we are told at intervals that the Wagner "bubble" has exploded. Surprising what a lively corpse the Wagner cause proves itself to be!

The conductorship of the celebrated Boston Symphony Orchestra has, it is reported, been offered to and accepted by Director Paur, the senior conductor of the Leipzig Opera. Although not so well known as Richter or Weingartner, who declined the proffered post, notwithstanding most tempting offers from Col. Higgins, Herr Paur is one of the modern school of orchestral conductors which combines with a sacred veneration for the works of the classical masters, a keen appreciation of the grandeur of the romantic school of music. He is regarded as a splendid drill master, his special orchestral concerts during the past season in Leipzig being regarded as the best given under any conductor there in point of precision, attack and general interpretation, notwithstanding that the material at his disposal on these occasions was not equal to the celebrated Gewandhaus orchestra.

And now Director Motti of Carlsruhe has withdrawn from the conductorship of the Covent Garden German opera season upon a question of fees. The position has finally been accepted by Emil Steinbach of Mayence.

Prospective visitors to the World's Fair will regret to learn that the promised visit of the magnificent band of the French Garde Régimentale has been canceled owing to a hitch in the arrangements between the military authorities of France and the World's Fair Bureau. Much was expected in connection with the proposed engagement of this band, which is probably the finest in the world.

A Sterndale Bennett Society has been organized by the large and ever increasing colony of English music students in Leipzig for the laudable purpose of producing English compositions in that city. This excellent scheme appears to have had an auspicious beginning and promises to be as successful as a similar idea which has been carried out by American students in Munich.

MODERATO.

Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Very many of those who usually attend the weekly hops at the Queen's wisely absented themselves on the evening of the Fourth, knowing by experience that the ball-room is always crowded on that occasion with our bright American neighbors, who, coming especially to celebrate their great national holiday, expect the dance on that evening to be recognized as for their especial benefit and pleasure. Consequently the programme was altered throughout to meet their wishes, and new dances took the place of the usual polka, schottische and caprice which ordinarily hold their own at the regular hops. It is not being holiday in Toronto either, very few gentlemen, except Buffalonians, were present, but the ladies, young and old, fair and otherwise, who lined the walls and looked on from the doors and verandas found ample compensation for the absence of friends and loss of dances in watching the gay scene which the room presented. Comparisons are odious, particularly so when they cast even the most shadowy reflection on our own fair Canadians, but on every side even the most prejudiced admitted the fact that seldom has the ball-room of the Queen's held so many sweetly pretty faces, so many conspicuously dainty gowns as on the evening in question. Merriment ran riot, and the happy faces of those participating made as fair a picture as a ball-room could well present. Among others present were: Mr. and Mrs. Gus. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Sage, Mr. and Mrs. Ball, Mr. S. and the Misses Meredith, Mr. Cady, Mr. Arthur Coffey, Miss Evelyn Dore, Mrs. Rumsey of Glencairn, Mr. and Mrs. Cochrane, Mr. and Mrs. Bissell, Mrs. Barnard, Mrs. and Miss Geddes, Miss Wilkinson, Miss Annie Blake, Miss McFarlane, Mrs. and Mr. W. Ferguson, Mr. J. Russell, Miss Henderson, Miss Millay, Mr. G. Bernard, the Misses Heward, Mr. P. Ball, Mrs. and the Misses Winnett, Mr. and Mrs. J. Gibb.

Miss Hellwell of Jarvis street, Toronto, is the guest of Mrs. H. Paffard. Miss Hunter of Seaforth is at the Cedars. Mrs. and Miss M. Colquhoun will spend a few weeks at Mrs. Miller's. Mrs. Wilson is the guest of Mrs. C. Hunter. Miss Hodgins left this week for Lakewood, where during the next week or two she will be the guest of Mrs. Hume Blake.

Miss Nannie Chittenden of Delaware avenue, Buffalo, is at Riversides. Miss Alice Baldwin left last week to visit friends at Sarnia. She will probably be absent two or three weeks. Miss Park of Amherstberg is stopping with Mrs. J. Foy.

The Misses Paffard returned last Saturday from St. Catharines, where they have been the guests of Mrs. M. Burrell. Rev. F. M. Baldwin of old St. Paul's, Woodstock, and Mrs. Baldwin, will spend the summer at Delaire Lodge.

Miss Florence Wey of Toronto, whose bright face is always a welcome sight here, is stopping at Elm Cottage. Miss Homestead and Miss Smyth of Toronto are the guests of Miss Neelands at Sturgeon Point.

Mr. H. E. Borradaile is spending his two weeks' holiday at his home in Halifax. INO.

to their numerous friends, who have been hoping to welcome them back to Rosslyn within the next few weeks. GALATEA.

Lindsay.

There has been very little worth mentioning going on here the past week, but the Sturgeon Point people have at last awakened to the fact that the delightful floor of Picnic Hall has been altogether neglected up to this, and they speak of giving the first of a series of hops/saloon immediately. For years these hops have headed the list of attractions at the Point during the summer and have always been pronounced a grand success. There is no reason why this year they should not surpass those of by-gone days. How much one misses by remaining in Lindsay for the summer! The pretty little lake alone is enough to tempt anyone, and the unassuming way in which the ladies entertain us all with their jolly little picnics, dances and bonfires makes the summer season one round of gaiety. Each tries to outdo the other by getting up something entirely original, or by introducing a heretofore unheard-of amusement. If someone would propose an upset race for those few remaining gentlemen who have not been cast into the raging waters of the Scugog or Sturgeon Lake this year, the one or two left to enter for it would afford amusement to their less fortunate comrades. But such brilliant suggestions as these are, as a rule, considered too startling to carry into effect. The gentlemen all have so great a fear of being upstaged that they actually had not courage enough to get up a few races in connection with the Canoe Club, dredging last one of them which get an overdose of water.

What has become of that tennis tournament that was so much talked of early in the summer? Surely it is not to fall through like so many other things have done. Many of the ladies seem in first-rate practice, and as it adds to the interest displayed in the game and makes everybody surprise even himself with his wonderful skill, there is every reason for going on with it.

Another one of those jolly little surprise parties took place at Mr. Hopkins' residence on Monday evening last. There were not many present, but those who did attend, enjoyed the evening to the fullest extent, so much so, indeed, that when the time came to say good night everyone was surprised at the lateness of the hour. They all left declaring that these surprise parties were the greatest fun going.

Two young ladies with a considerable amount of "go" paddled from the Point to Lindsay the other morning in less than three hours. They received congratulations on all sides, as being the first lady paddlers who had attempted the distance.

Mr. W. O. Eschwege has returned to New York, having thoroughly enjoyed his three weeks' outing at the Point.

Miss Hulme, sister of Mr. S. Hulme of the Bank of Montreal, spent a few days in town this week.

Miss Homestead and Miss Smyth of Toronto are the guests of Miss Neelands at Sturgeon Point.

Mr. H. E. Borradaile is spending his two weeks' holiday at his home in Halifax. INO.

Purely Preventive.

Mrs. Dogood—I don't see why a big man like you should smoke a pipe from morning till night.

Dusty Rhodes—It's a necessity, ma'am; in winter I smoke to keep my whiskers from freezing, and in summer to keep the moths out.

Refreshment for Horses

Under the above heading in a list of journey expenses a Irish driver puts "Three penny-worth of whip-cord."

INCORPORATED 1880 TORONTO HON. G. W. ALLAN PRESIDENT

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July 15, 1893

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Social and Personal.

Continued from Page Two.

of Toronto is learning to ride a bicycle; that orange is not a becoming color to a fair man; that several grass widowers are making nights of it, and pretending they enjoy having their wives away, and that the bird knows just how lonely they are, nevertheless; that cooks are traitors and the *World* is very cruel; that Professor Clark is listened to with rapt attention by Dr. Rainsford's immense congregation in New York; that Dr. Rainsford's name isn't George but Willis; that the bird would give ten cents to see Sam in a sedan chair; that some autograph collector ought to buy the Queen's Hotel register; and that if Commander Concas comes home this way Maxwell Drew will have a duel on his hands.

Mrs. E. B. Cottrell, Dr. Wm. Watson Ayres, of Washington, D. C., Mr. Harry Gooderham, Miss Dora Gooderham, Miss Dell Gooderham, Mr. Cleve Hall, Mr. Chas. Hall, Dr. and Mrs. Ball, Mr. H. R. O'Reilly, Mr. M. R. O'Reilly, of Toronto, Mrs. W. O'Connor and family, Mrs. Gaunden and family, of Dallas, Texas, Mr. F. Hammond of Lancaster, Texas, and Rev. Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Lewis of Trenton are at the Summit House, Port Cockburn, Muskoka.

Rev. H. B. Brasheir of Inglefield, Alta., N. W. T., will take the services at St. Mark's church during the rector's absence on a little holiday trip.

Mr. T. A. Gale and Miss Gale, Mr. M. H. Irish, Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Higgins, Col. and Mrs. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. Downell, Mr. G. H. and Mrs. Eastor, Mrs. Samuel May and Miss May, Miss McArthur and Miss C. McArthur, Miss Croft and Miss M. M. Croft, Messrs. A. C. Crowthers, T. A. Armstrong, A. E. Armstrong, Owen A. Smily, and F. V. Little of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Foster of Leeds, England, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Foster, and Mr. J. Priest of Manchester, England, Mr. W. L. Carr of Dartmouth, England, Rev. Hartley and Mrs. Carmichael of Richmond, Va., Mr. Wilfred Craig, Mrs. C. Craig and the Misses Craig of Rochester, N. Y., Mrs. and Master Read, Mr. J. T. and Mrs. Glassco, Mr. and Mrs. O. Kemp, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Parrin of Hamilton, are at the Prospect House, Port Sandfield. Everything here indicates a most successful season and the annual regatta promises to eclipse all former events of a similar nature.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowers have returned from their wedding trip. Mrs. Bowers will receive at 16 Brunswick avenue on Thursday, July 20, during the afternoon and evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown and family, of Melbourne avenue, are summering at their pretty resort at Roseau.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Holton, Miss Servos of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Holton of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wright of St. Louis, General and Mrs. Haultain of Peterborough, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cockshutt of Brantford, Mr. W. Carr of England, Mr. and Mrs. J. Gardner, Mrs. M. L. Harrington Smith, Miss Wright, Miss E. Wright, Master R. Wright, Miss L. Beatty, Mr. E. R. Adam, Mr. F. Smily, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Warwick, Mr. L. Bolster, Mr. L. Boyd, Mr. G. C. Hewson, Mr. W. A. Smith, and Mr. Joseph Hughes of Toronto are at Maplehurst Hotel, Muskoka.

The Misses Hesketh of Parkdale gave a little impromptu evening last Monday.

Miss McMartin of Morrisburg is visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Merrick of 220 Robert street.

Mrs. Barrett and family of Pembroke street have gone to their summer cottage at Port Carling, where they intend remaining until the autumn.

Mrs. F. Cockburn Clemow of Ottawa is spending the summer with her father, Mr. J. C. Fitch of Atherly, Jarvis street. She is accompanied by the Misses Clemow and Master Clemow.

Mr. Wm. Wedd, Jr., and Mr. M. de S. Wedd returned this week from a trip to England.

Mrs. M. McFarlane has returned from Cincinnati, where she has been visiting for the past two months. Mrs. McFarlane leaves for Orchard Beach, Me., next week.

Miss Norma Reynolds leaves for the seaside next week.

Senator Gowen of Barrie was in the city recently.

Miss Aylesworth of Parkdale gave a pleasant little evening on Friday of last week for a few friends.

The Presbyterian church at Dundalk was filled with interested friends on Wednesday evening, July 5th, to witness the marriage of Dr. Roseborough, of Rapid River, Michigan, and Miss Annie Banon, daughter of Mr. J. Banon, of Dundalk. The bride's gown was of cream silk, and she carried a bouquet of roses. Miss Edith Banon was bridesmaid, and Miss Zulie Rundie acted as maid of honor. The best man was Mr. W. Roseborough, while Messrs. J. L. Mackenzie and J. R. McIntyre performed the duties of ushers. After the ceremony, which was conducted by Rev. Mr. Harrison, a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, and at nine o'clock Dr. and Mrs. Roseborough left for a wedding tour up the lakes. The village brass band played a farewell to the young couple as the train left the station, and almost everyone in the village came to wish them God-speed. Mrs. Roseborough being a great favorite in Dundalk.

Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Corley have returned from their wedding trip, and will be at home to their friends at 72 Iabella street on the first Monday and Tuesday in September.

Mr. Charles Wood of Oaklands, San Francisco, California, a successful young Canadian who has made his mark in a business way on the Pacific Coast, visited Toronto during the early part of the week and was the guest of Sheriff Widdifield of St. George street.

Many bright and happy faces greeted Master Garnet Genereux on Saturday afternoon, July 8,

at 8 Walmer road, to help him celebrate his tenth birthday. After games and luncheon on the lawn, all assembled to hear little Miss Lillias Piper recite in her own quaint way; Olive Page, Grace Hogaboom, Essy Case and Stuart Wallace also contributed to the evening's enjoyment, which was brought to a close by the sailor's hornpipe, neatly danced by Master Garnet himself. Miss Eric Wiggins of Bay City, Mich., and Misses Ella Wells and Em Hueston assisted the hostess in taking care of the merry-makers.

An interesting wedding took place on Wednesday in Queen street Methodist church, the bridegroom and bride being Mr. John Phillips of Detroit, Mich., formerly of Toronto, and Miss Alice Louise Richardson, third daughter of Mr. James Richardson of Toronto. The ceremony was conducted by Rev. George J. Bishop. The groomsman was an old Toronto boy, Mr. James Hozack of Detroit, Mich., and the bridesmaid Miss E. Richardson of Toronto. It was a most pleasing and happy event. That Mr. and Mrs. Phillips are popular was very evident by the numerous and elegant presents from their many friends and by the crowded church which greeted this pleasant epoch of their lives. They left for the American side by a late train, and after a short trip to places of interest will settle in their home in Detroit.

Mr. Will S. Ziller has gone to the World's Fair for two weeks' holidays.

The Duke and Duchess of Beaufort are recent arrivals at the Queen's.

Mr. and Mrs. John S. Boyd of Tacoma avenue, who have been visiting relatives in England for the past two months, returned home on Tuesday.

The annual Flower Show will be held in the Pavilion on Wednesday and Thursday next. The Q. O. R. band will furnish music and a fashionable attendance will grace this always delightful event. The honorary patrons are the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Hon. John and Mrs. Dryden, the Mayor and Mrs. Fleming, Hon. G. W. and Mrs. Allan.

An impromptu *musical* was held at Mrs. W. D. Lamont's on Wednesday evening. Miss Emily Lamont of the Jarvis street Baptist church choir sang very sweetly.

Open to Misconstruction.

Slabbs (the marble cutter)—Have you selected the epitaph, Mrs. Ketchum?

Mrs. Ketchum (relief of the Hon. Sharp Ketchum)—Would not "Here lies a lawyer and an honest man," tell the whole story, Mr. Slabbs?

Slabbs—Not clearly enough, I am afraid. Strangers would be apt to imagine that there were two men buried in one grave.

Who... Says so?

Every one who knows anything about it will tell you that at the *Institute of Dermatology*, 31 Avenue St. Toronto, all the preparations sold in the various salons and best. The advice is honest and reliable, the treatments are excellent, and the people who treat you are all thoroughly skillful specialists.

You can be cured permanently of

The worst skin diseases

Rheumatism and wasting diseases

Superabundant fat

Supernumerary Hair, Moles, Warts, etc.

Freckles, Wrinkles, Scars and other facial blemishes

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Corns, Bunions and other Foot troubles, etc.

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168 Yonge Street - Toronto

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It is the only PERFECT WATER HEATER known. Will heat water faster than a coal range. All burners are operated with steel needle valves, which produce sharp blue flames.

The body is made of heavy cold rolled sheet steel, asbestos lined.

The front and top are beautifully carved heavy, smooth castings, with nickel plate medallion and tile panels.

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The Machinery and Bottling Department is in charge of Mr. JAMES LINDSAY, late of Cawthron & Cochrane, Belfast.

My desire is to give the purchasing public the very best goods in the town. Towards this end all our efforts and energy will be directed.

Respectfully,

A Prompt Response.

"Cheap rates" is the cry of all holiday-makers and to their appeal the Canadian Pacific Railway have responded promptly. As Chicago will be the objective point of thousands of tourists this year, the company announce a specially cheap excursion leaving Toronto and all points west on July 21 and 22. The trains for this excursion traffic will consist of solid vestibuled palace sleeping cars, dining cars, drawing-room coaches, and second-class sleeping cars (an innovation in Canadian railway travel and a pronounced success).

Through trains will leave the north side of the Union Station at 7.20 a.m. and 7.20 p.m. on the above dates, and as this is the first occasion during the Fair of so cheap a rate a large number may be expected to take advantage of it; therefore it is advisable to secure berths early, which may be done by telephoning 149, communicating by letter or in person at 1 King street east. The tickets bought for this excursion will be available for return any time until and on July 31. It may be added that the Canadian Pacific Railway claim their tourist cars or second-class sleepers far surpass anything of the kind running on rival lines, and their claim has never been disputed. They must not, however, be confounded with their palatial sleeping cars, which stand unrivaled in railway equipment.

Beautiful Summer Resort.

Attention is called to the advertisement of the Belvidere Hotel, Parry Sound, one of the largest and most beautifully situated in Canada. Those thinking of spending a portion of their summer out of the city would do well to address the proprietors.

Goderich.

The last month was especially memorable in Goderich by the number of weddings which were solemnized.

June 1 saw Miss Bessie McClure, formerly of Hamilton, united in marriage to Mr. John McLaren of Hamilton, the bridesmaid being Miss Mills of London, and the groomsman Mr. Fred Smye of Hamilton.

On Wednesday, June 14, Miss Lily Blair was married to Mr. Jas. Atkins of Fonthill.

Wednesday, June 21, saw the nuptials of Miss Lizzie Dickson, eldest daughter of the late Arch. Dickson, postmaster, and granddaughter of Registrar Dickson, ex-M.P., and Mr. Adam Kay, of the postoffice department, Stratford. The ceremony took place at the residence of the bride, in the presence of about seventy-five guests, and was performed by Rev. Dr. Ure, assisted by Rev. J. A. Anderson, the beautiful residence being profusely decorated for the occasion. The maid of honor was little Miss Gracie Dickson, sister of the bride, and the groom was assisted by his nephew, Mr. Leslie Kerr. After luncheon the happy couple left on trip to Detroit and other cities, followed by the congratulations of their hosts of friends.

The wedding which has caused perhaps the greatest flutter in Goderich was the Hamilton-Horton nuptials, which took place in St. George's church on Wednesday, June 28, when Mr. Cayley Hamilton, step-son of Dr. Shannon, of this town, and barrister of Regina, N.W.T., claimed as his bride Miss Florence Caroline Horton, daughter of Horace Horton, ex-Mayor and ex-M. P. of this town. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Turnbull, rector of St. George's, and the choir assisted ably. The fair bride wore an elegant costume of white corded silk, *en train*, and the bridesmaids were her sister, Miss Edyth Horton, and Miss Marion Hamilton, who wore white China silk with picture hats of Leghorn and roses. The five little maid of honor, Misses May Williams, Dot Horton, Conn Holt, Clare Reynolds and Nellie Garrow, looked charming in Empire dresses of white mull. The groom was assisted by Mr. E. Dickinson of Wingham, and the immense crowd which witnessed the wedding pronounced it one of the prettiest ever seen here. After the ceremony the guests adjourned to Mr. Horton's beautiful home and partook of an elegant lunch, and viewed the presents which were numerous and beautiful. The happy couple left on the 2 p.m. train to visit eastern cities before proceeding to their home in Regina.

NUBBLES.**He Wouldn't Be There.**

Witherby—They are going to have a big time at the club to-night—a fourth of July celebration.

Mrs. Witherby—I know what that means. I hope you are not going, my dear.

Witherby—Of course not. I've got to attend a lodge meeting.



Mother's Nestle's Food will prevent Cholera Infantum and all summer complaints of children

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When you are ready to purchase a Piano for a lifetime, not the makeshift instruments for a few years' use, but the Piano whose sterling qualities will leave absolutely nothing to be desired, then insist upon having a HEINTZMAN & CO PIANO.

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Men's minds turn to cool, careless, clothing, and this house makes a feature of fine suits to order in all summer materials.

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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.**Births.**

GIBSON—July 9, Mrs. Alfred Gibson—a daughter. COLLETT—July 9, Mrs. H. J. Collett—a daughter. WILLIAMS—July 5, Mrs. H. Williams—a daughter. McLEOD—July 5, Mrs. J. McLeod—a daughter. JOEL—July 6, Mrs. Willis Joel—a son. FAWCETT—July 5, Mrs. John Fawcett—a daughter. ARMSTRONG—July 6, Mrs. James Armstrong—a son. FITCH—July 7, Mrs. Charles A. Fitch—a son. MCKEEAN—July 7, Mrs. M. McKean—a son. BEASLEY—July 7, Mrs. W. Beasley—a son. CROSSIN—July 8, Mrs. Albert L. Crossin—a son. CAMERON—July 8, Mrs. Peter Cameron—a daughter. BAYES—July 8, Mrs. Louis M. Hayes—a son. STEPHENS—July 8, Mrs. J. Stephens—a son. HALIFAX—July 9, Mrs. R. A. P. Halifax—a son. DAVISON—July 9, Mrs. John M. Davison—a son. MCARTER—June 29, Mrs. J. Mcarter—a son. NEWMAN—July 5, Mrs. G. A. Newman—a daughter.

Marriages.

SPORE—MC CONNELL—At the residence of the bride's mother, No. 210 Huron Street, on Tuesday evening, July 11, by Rev. W. G. Wallace, J. T. Sprout of Barrister, C. S. eldest daughter of the late A. C. McConnell of West Gwillimbury.

PUTLAND—HUSTON—July 11, Robt. C. Putland and Anna Huston.

READ—DOUGLAS—June 27, Rev. E. Read to Florence Douglas.

HONNUTH—SPARLING—July 5, Wm. T. Honnuth to Florida C. Sparling.

BALD—BROWN—HALL—July 5, Thomas Bain to Elsie A. Brown.

BROOKS—ANDERSON—June 28, J. S. Brooks to Adelaide C. Anderson.

THOMPSON—COOMBS—July 5, Herbert Thomson to Alice M. Coombs.

LEVISON—ROSS—July 11, Robt. C. LeVison to M. H. Ross.

HOWARD—CALDWELL—July 6, E. S. Howard to Lelia R. Caldwell.

CUNNINGHAM—THOMPSON—June 28, W. C. Cunningham to Nellie Thompson.

LEWIS—CAMPBELL—July 6, Rev. J. G. Lewis to Martha A. Campbell.

PRENTERGAST—KILLORAN—July 11, Wm. Prendergast to Mary Killoran.

FITZGERALD—MASKELL—June 26, M. Fitzgerald to Catherine Maskell.

GEE—SHORT—July 5, Dr. J. J. Gee to Hattie A. Short.

Deaths.

GORDON—July 5, Elspeth Georgina Gordon.

HALLIGAN—July 4, Owen Halligan, aged 67.

HUMPHRIES—July 5, Mrs. Ruth Humphries, aged 66.

ALEXANDER—July 1, Annie Alexander, aged 31.

MC LAUGHLIN—July 3, Michael McLaughlin, aged 83.

ENREES—July 12, Charles P. Endres, aged 5.

MARTIN—July 6, Mary Martin, aged 70.

HEDDINS—July 6, Mrs. J. Hedding, aged 80.

WOOLATT—July 9, George H. Woolatt, aged 45.

NORTON—July 9, George Yolland Norton, aged 30.

STREET—July 3, James Street, aged 74.

PIKE—July 6, Levi Pike, aged 82.

DELMONICO—July 6, Mrs. Delmonico, aged 40.

GRIFFIN—July 4, Edith G. Griffin.

MILLS—June 29, Thomas Mills, aged 79.

LANSON—July 9, Martha Galt Lanson, aged 85.

When you are ready to purchase a Piano for a lifetime, not the makeshift instruments for a few years' use, but the Piano whose sterling qualities will leave absolutely nothing to be desired, then insist upon having a HEINTZMAN & CO PIANO.

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